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NOTES OF THE WEEK

Self-determination was to be, we understood, the basic policy of the League of Nations, and of the Entente Allies, until the League should come into existence. It appears, however, that unless the self-determination of a conquered State happens to coincide with the democratic theories of the Allies, it will not only be ignored, but coerced. The Hungarian people have preferred an Archduke of the Hapsburg family, whom they at least know, to Bela Kun or Cohen, or any of the other scum and scourgings of the stews and revolutionary clubs in Eastern Europe. Wherein we think the Hungarians show their common-sense and loyalty, for it was the Ministry of Francis Joseph, not the Hapsburg family, that was responsible for the outbreak of the war. Indeed, the Archduke was murdered because he was in favour of Liberal principles. But the Allies now refuse to make peace with Hungary until they get rid of the Archduke, on the ground that his election was a *coup d'état*. Very likely: and what was the election of Louis Napoleon in 1851, which Palmerston recognised? In revolutionary times all elections are *coups d'état*; and the General Election, which seated Mr. Lloyd George in power, was a *coupon d'état*.

It is a thousand pities, both for a man of transcendent ability and for the great interests which he at present supports, that Mr. Lloyd George should make enemy after enemy among powerful men by his manner of dealing with individuals. No man can afford to do this: and the daily increasing number of those whom he has thrown out, by underhand or overt means, will pull Mr. Lloyd George down sooner or later. Even his favourites, from the highest to the lowest, feel that they are not safe for a day, and the youngest private secretary knows that if he doesn't obey orders, however unpalatable, he will not only be discarded, but pursued by a vindictive memory. This want of magnanimity was a foible of the late Mr. Chamberlain, as it is of the Prime Minister. Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Salisbury, all had private secretaries who would have died for them. Goschen, by the way, though not vindictive, had a curiously repellent way with young men. Hartington was supremely indifferent to all human beings, except his Duchess with two tails.

Mr. Henderson's revelations at Widnes are quite creditable to himself, and perfectly discreditable to the Prime Minister. It seems that Mr. Henderson was sent on a Special Mission to Petrograd in 1917, armed with secret instructions to turn Sir George Buchanan out of the Embassy and take his place. To this ignoble transaction Mr. Henderson (who was more of a gentleman than his Chief) properly declined to be a party, and wrote home refusing to play the supplanter. We hope that Sir George Buchanan will now demand the publication of his confidential despatches to the Foreign Office in 1917, because everybody now sees that, had we kept the Tsar on the throne and forced him to dismiss his corrupt and incompetent Ministers, the war would have been won in 1917. Ludendorff confesses that the collapse of Russia was an immense relief. M. Clemenceau is as much to blame in this matter as Mr. Lloyd George.

A French spy called Gaston Quien is being tried in Paris, and amongst other charges is accused of having denounced Edith Cavell to the German Headquarters in Belgium. Reuter sends the following precious telegram: "It is rumoured that Maitre d'Armon, the accused's counsel, will ask for the postponement of the trial until the Kaiser and von Bissing—the principal authors of the murder of Miss Cavell—can be brought before the International Tribunal prescribed in the Treaty." The trial in that case would have to be postponed until the sounding of the Last Trump, as General von Bissing died three years ago. The unhappy individual, who was interned during the war, and whom the people of Felixstowe are so unwilling to receive as a resident, is the General's brother, a naturalised British subject, and married to an English woman. What an idiot Reuter is!

Of all the organs in the press the *Westminster Gazette* has been the most consistent and persistent antagonist of Mr. Lloyd George and his Government. It has described the general election as little short of a swindle and the Prime Minister as having possessed himself of power by means barely short of fraudulent. The full force of these criticisms must have been felt in Downing Street, for Mr. J. A. Spender has been offered a Commissionership in Lord Milner's train. And the astounding thing is that Mr. Spender's virtue has succumbed to nothing more substantial than a winter's trip to Egypt. If we were going to give ourselves to

our enemy we should want a bigger bribe than a few lovely evenings on Shepherd's verandah, the chance of typhoid, and the certainty of dyspepsia from the Nile water. But every man has his price.

Lord Rathmore was one of the few remaining statesmen of the Victorian age. The only ones left now are Lord Balfour and Lord George Hamilton, Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. Long. David Plunket belonged to a family of orators, and his infrequent speeches, though never attempting the higher flights of eloquence, were models of graceful and witty rhetoric. He was a delightful dinner guest, being a finished *raconteur*, and overflowing with old-fashioned courtesy, and facile Irish sympathy. Plunket was indolent, or deficient in self-assertion, whichever way you like to put it, and never rose higher than Commissioner of Works. In this capacity he was once badgered about the delay in completing dressing-rooms for Members. "I can well understand," he said, "that honourable gentlemen are anxious to have places in which they can change their coats." He once made a very happy Shakspearian quotation on Gladstone's delay in resigning or dissolving Parliament in 1885:—

"Vex not his ghost! O let him pass! He hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer."

The Prime Minister packed the Coal Commission with a majority of Nationalisers. Why was Mr. Justice Sankey selected to preside? Because he had been, when at the Bar, counsel to the South Wales Branch of the Miners' Federation. Why were Messrs. Sidney Webb, Tawney, and Chiozza Money appointed Commissioners? Because they were known to be Collective-Socialists, who prostituted their brains to the service of the Extreme wing of the Labour party. When, however, Mr. Lloyd George found that Nationalisation of the coal trade would not "go down," he repudiated the Nationalisers and rebuked them for their scandalous partiality. The wretched Judge Sankey found himself in the plight of Exton, who announced to Henry IV. that he had murdered Richard, "according to plan," and who, instead of being thanked and made a peer, was told to be gone and show his face no more.

The week before last we commented on the unfair rationing of electric light by the late Coal Controller. The shops, particularly the drapers' shops, tempting women to buy fine clothes, obtain a scandalous amount of electric light for their windows. Unfortunately, most of the drapers are Welshmen, and the new Coal Controller is, we believe, a Welshman: we can only beg him not to let tribal feelings weigh down the scales of justice. Of course, none of the newspapers will take the matter up, as the drapers are big advertisers. There is another and equally serious injustice in the matter of the lighting and heating of schools. The elementary schools obtain all the light and heat they ask for. But the public schools are, we are informed, to get about two-thirds of last year's ration, which was a reduction of 80 per cent. on pre-war figures. This is rank class privilege. Why doesn't some M.P. call attention to it?

We see that the jolter-headed section of the Press is declaiming against the importation of cheap German goods, such as gloves, etc. May we ask these gentry how they think Germany can ever pay any portion of her indemnity, if she is to be boycotted by England? May we ask them, secondly, how they think prices will ever come down if we refuse to admit the competition of cheap foreign goods? May we ask them, thirdly, how they think the masses of people with small incomes and pensions will be able to live if prices don't come down? Mr. Asquith and his Free Trade friends had better look to it. For our part we predict that in a few years' time this country will be more strictly Protectionist than America or France. Annuitants,

pensioners, and ruined landowners will then do well to migrate to the principality of Monaco, or the Channel Islands, if those charming places are wise enough to revert (like the Trade Unionists) to pre-war practices.

We will give the Income Tax Commissioners a tip: let them instruct their surveyors everywhere, but more particularly at the watering places on the East and South Coasts, to look after the head-waiters at hotels. These men are engaged at quite a moderate salary, £3 or £4 a week, but they make in tips from £12 to £20 a week. We have no doubt these men's incomes run to £1,000 a year, and we venture the assertion that they pay no income tax. With regard to the other hotel servants, they too get low wages and bad food, and nothing tempts them to the service except their rich harvest of tips. How long will it take people to realise that these tips, now double what they used to be, pay the wages, and thus enable the proprietors and managers to exploit them more shamelessly than ever?

Many interesting books appeared in 1914 which were submerged in the deluge of war. One of these is the 'Unpublished Letters of Lady Bulwer Lytton,' by Mr. S. M. Ellis, in which a long list of black deeds is reckoned up against the great novelist. Vulgarly abusive as Rosina was, and so maddened by her ill-treatment as to be quite reckless with tongue and pen, she was now and then humorous and witty. A famous female chiropodist of Brighton, Mrs. Jacobs, was sent for to Chatsworth to operate on the ducal corns. In gratitude the duke sent her a mezzotint portrait of himself, on which Rosina wrote that "notwithstanding the disparity of their faith, a copy of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress would have been a more fitting gift." When that blest madman Lord Blessington married the discarded and injured Mrs. Farmer, Rosina thought his lordship would now become popular, "as he had embraced the farmers' grievances."

When Lord Derby made Bulwer Lytton Secretary for the Colonies in his one-year Government of 1858, at his re-election Rosina appeared on the hustings with "Men of Herts, if you have the hearts of men, hear your member's wife!" The candidate fled, and the mob listened eagerly and cheered loudly the poor woman's recital of her wrongs. Of course, the cheering audience had no votes, and Bulwer Lytton was returned. It is certainly odd that a public man who was admittedly guilty of adultery and desertion, of kicking and biting his wife, and of trying to kidnap her into a private asylum, should have written sentimental novels that were devoured and wept over by the women of his day; and that he should have been made a baronet by Lord Melbourne, a Secretary of State by Lord Derby, and a peer by Disraeli. In these days Bulwer Lytton would have been driven out of public life, for compared with this black sheep Parnell was a white lamb.

We too have read 'The Young Visitors,' and, strange to say, it does not strike us as in the least clever. We certainly remember to have written a much better novel at the age of about nine. We cannot agree with our brilliant contributor that it is "by far the most amusing book of the year." If it were really a satire by Sir James Barrie—which there now seems no doubt that it is not—we should rank it infinitely below the worst of Thackeray's 'Yellowplush Papers.' As the genuine product of a girl of nine, it shocks us by its vulgarity and coarseness of mind. We do agree with our contributor that "we have never known a child horrid enough to write 'The Young Visitors.'" We hope there are very few such girls of nine; and the fact that the book should have proved "a seller" merely demonstrates the depravity of the public taste, that applauds silly and vicious nonsense, if puffed by Sir James Barrie.

The oyster is determined no longer to be out of fashion, and announces its intention of rising during the coming winter. As it is about the only article of

food that has not been trebled in price, we can't complain. But we should much like to know whether the pre-war regulations as to inspection and purification of oyster-beds, which we fancy were allowed to lapse, like so many other good customs during the war, have now been revived. Fortunately for the public, though unfortunately for himself, the Dean of Winchester died some years ago after an oyster banquet. There appears to have been sufficient medical evidence to prove that the *post hoc* was, in this case *propter hoc*, and there was a great stir about the pollution of oyster-beds. The Fishmongers' Company very properly took the matter up and instituted some very rigorous sanitary measures. Are these sanitary precautions about the purification of the beds still being taken? To eat oysters on the Mediterranean used to be regarded as a form of suicide.

The figures of Government departments published in a White Paper at the end of last week are incomplete, but sufficient to arouse the ire of the taxpayer. Over 2,500 officers and men are still employed on anti-aircraft defences, a scandal which ought to be remedied at once. Governmental slackness in dealing properly with air-raids is responsible for many cases of ruined nerves and wrecked homes. Now that this source of danger is gone, the organisation which met it should be done away with at once. It was a highly competent organisation when it had once been created, but surely we do not want it now.

General Ludendorff's book, part of which is appearing in the *Times*, is a one-sided affair, glorifying himself and reducing the claims of General Hindenburg, who is hardly mentioned. At the Battle of Tannenberg the German success was largely due, we were told at the time, to General Hindenburg's local knowledge of the swamps, into which the Russians were manoeuvred in thousands. The histories so far produced repeat this story as fact, but according to General Ludendorff, there was no swampy ground about the place. Contradictions of this view have already appeared. Who is right? It looks as if the historian who seeks *la vraie vérité* will have to go over the ground himself. Writing in a library about battles and military operations by a scholar who is "ignarus locorum" has led to some queer misconceptions.

Sir Sidney Low calls attention in one of our leaders to the determined attempt being made by Americans to capture the English trade in "moving pictures." Already, as it is, the English public is confronted with a host of American films which are markedly unEnglish in the perpetual exhibition of the revolver as a means of persuasion. We do not need in these days any incitements to robbery and violence. Have these pictures given a hint to the reckless? On this side we are not accustomed to "gunmen," as they are called, so that the midnight raid by armed burglars in two motor cars which cleared out several hundred pounds' worth of material last week at Tottenham is an unpleasant novelty. The gang worked methodically, carried on a lively conversation meanwhile, and warned off intruders with threats of a bullet. It looks as if the war, instead of presenting us with a new idealism, had fostered a spirit of savagery which ignores the safeguards of civilisation.

It may be remembered that, when we noticed 'La Boutique Fantasque,' in these columns, we drew special attention to the beautiful dancing of Lopokova. We observe that a new twelve-weeks' season is promised at the Empire, an announcement which we greet with enthusiasm. But we profoundly regret the absence of any announcement that Lopokova is to return. We remember that, when Pavlova and Mordkin fell out, a playful evening paper spoke of quarrels in fairyland. We know nothing of the reason of Lopokova's absence from the cast, but we hope that the fairies are guilty neither of lock-outs nor of strikes.

We imagine that the programme to be produced will include all the ballets that charmed at the Alhambra. We shall be very glad to see most of them again, though we are not sure that 'Scheherezade,' might not be left out with advantage. When we last saw it, the original animal freshness had disappeared, there was a sense of staleness, and we never felt that M. Massine recaptured Nijinsky's "lithe and lascivious" grace. On the other hand, we should welcome a revival of the 'Spectre de la Rose' and 'The Blue God.'

The choice of Hampton Court as the camping-ground for the Indian Contingent was both graceful and appropriate. The Sikhs, Pathans, and the rest, arrived too late for the Peace Celebration, but luckily in ample time to witness and be a part of the celebration of the returned flowers at Hampton. It is difficult to conceive a scene more excellent than the great lawns on an early morning of August. The banked flowers, the red walls of the dreaming palace, and the grave brown strangers from overseas, like a new and splendid form of statue, form a bewitching whole. Surely these Indians will take back with them to the fair land of Hind a memory of an even fairer and kindlier England.

Quite apart from the Indians, Hampton Court is well worth visiting on any day, except Saturday and Sunday, when it is handed over to the many. The much-abused Office of Works have allowed nature to resume her miracles. There may be some other place in the world where phlox is as red and bountiful, cherry-pie so fragrant. There may be, but we don't believe there is. As for the vine, in these days of prohibition the sight of its 500 lbs. of cool black clusters cries to heaven against those who are busily engaged in spilling its juice. The grape may be wicked, but at Hampton Court it is certainly very lovely.

James Watt, the famous engineer, who did so much for the evolution of the steam engine, died just 100 years ago. His patent of 1769, when it had once had a fair trial, put Newcomen's engine out of date; but it is well to remember that without the aid of Matthew Boulton's money and manufacturing resources, influence and optimistic temper, Watt's invention might have come to nothing. Boulton took over the patent when Roebuck, Watt's unsatisfactory partner, failed; saw, unlike Roebuck's creditors, that there was money in it; and obtained an Act of Parliament to extend it for 25 years. The firm of Boulton and Watt then made a huge success, after fighting the difficulties which attend discovery. The inventor had not the brains, or the temperament, for business. Without Boulton to back him, he would probably have remained an ordinary engineer, and the history of the wonderful industrial development of this country would have been different.

The Chess Tournament at Hastings has proved, as was expected, a triumph for the young Cuban master, Señor Capablanca. He has shown a brilliance at an early age, which reminds one of Morphy, and with the exception of M. Kostich, the Serbian player, the opposition was clearly not of the same class. Only Dr. Lasker can at present hope to beat Señor Capablanca, who, if he has developed his powers since the Petrograd Tournament, would probably win. Pillsbury, the winner of the last Hastings Tournament, has been dead for some years, and the history of chess masters is not altogether happy, the strain upon their faculties being great. Señor Capablanca, having attained a premier position as a young man, will, we hope, keep it for many years, and perhaps advance the game by adopting novel or hazardous methods which a master fighting for his place would hardly risk. It is part of the professional's livelihood not to lose, and often he dare not enter into a brilliant attack. Schlechter, the Viennese player, drew so many games that he was called the "drawing master."

A DEFENCE OF THE CIVIL SERVANT.

THERE are Bureaucrats and Bureaucrats, just as there are Campbells and Campbells. By Bureaucracy we understand that highly centralised form of government which collects all power of administration at some spot in the metropolis, which in England would be Whitehall. A certain school of political theorists advocate the concentration of all property as well as of all administration in the hands of the central government. But it is obviously absurd to blame our Civil Servants for the silly speculations of the Fabian essayists and the Labour Nationalisers. Nor is it fair to denounce our Civil Servants for the theory of concentrated administration, which is no business of theirs, but of the Cabinet or Parliament of the day. Civil Servants have nothing to do with policy; and human nature being what it is, we should imagine no one so heartily detests the multiplication and what is called "the co-ordination" of administrative functions at Whitehall as the Civil Servant. It doubles or trebles his work and his responsibility, and as yet there is no correspondent increase of reward.

The centralised form of government, generally called bureaucracy, has ruled France ever since the fall of the Empire in 1871. The most patriotic Frenchman, unless an official, would not deny that it has saturated French official and political life with corruption; that it is feeble and fussy; that it involved the finances of France in extravagance only to be met by heavy taxation; that it produced a large crop of scandals, and such statesmen as M. Caillaux; and that finally it left France less prepared for war than England. The weakness of bureaucracy is, and must always be, that, while it apparently concentrates administrative power in the metropolis, it is obliged by the multiplicity of its functions to cut that power up into such exceedingly small and distant fractions that responsibility, efficiency and honesty evaporate. A very good instance of this incorrigible weakness of bureaucracy is to be found in the administration of the unemployment doles by the Ministry of Labour. The laxity and fraud with which the doles are distributed are notorious. How can it be otherwise? Or who would be so ignorant or so unjust as to blame Sir Robert Horne and his very competent staff in London for these abuses? In every city, town, and village, the Ministry of Labour has an office for the payment of unemployment doles. How can they be effectively supervised and checked? In a large provincial town lately we heard of someone applying to a garage for a taxi, on Saturday, and being answered that unemployment pay was given out on Friday, and that they could get no drivers until Monday! Bureaucracy, or centralised officialdom, we regard as a bad form of government, wasteful, inefficient, dilatory, dishonest. There is only one kind of Government that we regard as worse, namely, the Labour Governments of our Australian Colonies, which under the form of representative or popular constitutions borrowed from the old country are in reality a sordid and degrading despotism exercised by the trade-unions over the rest of society.

The British Civil Service is the best in the world, the most highly educated, the most industrious, and the most honourable. Not even the lungs of faction have ever breathed upon the mirror of its purity and civic conscience. All the corruptions and imperfections that have crept in during the war, and have impaired its reputation, have been introduced by foreigners, by which term we mean *men who are not Civil Servants*. Lords Weir and Inverforth, Sir Joseph Maclay, Sir Eric Geddes, are not Civil Servants; they are business men, and expert organisers, and it is round those names that exasperation and suspicion have gathered. We cannot recall the name of a single Civil Servant, the head of an important department, whose conduct has been called in question by all the Committees that have been appointed. The War Office, and its progeny the Air Force, have given grave cause of offence, we admit. But those offices are not manned by Civil Servants, except as to the Lower Division clerks, of whom we are not thinking. One of the favourite charges against

the Civil Service is its dilatory filing and docketing of papers—we have all heard of the Circumlocution Office. This, no doubt, is a defect, especially in times of war; but there is a reason for it. Every Civil Servant is liable at all times to be called upon to account to the public for what he has done; he must not only prove what he has done or left undone, but his reasons for doing or not doing it. This is an accountability which falls on no other profession that we know of. Doctors and lawyers, unless guilty of actionable negligence, are not called on to explain their prescriptions, or their advice to clients. Commercial men of all kinds are, of course, free to do as they please, except that in the case of companies, the directors must answer for their conduct to the shareholders. But the Civil Servant is haunted by the perpetual consciousness that at any moment he may be called on to explain and justify his action, either to his official or parliamentary chief. This does lead, undoubtedly, to a great many files and minutes; and perhaps their number and method might be reduced. But it is ignorance or malice to confound the old type of Civil Servant with the brand-new bustling bureaucrat, who has been thrust into the great departments, partly by the necessities of war, and partly by the insatiable craving of the modern proletariat for laws and more laws. Lord Milner, whom we suspect of being a bureaucrat of bureaucrats, suggested that a new kind of Civil Servant might be created and trained to manage businesses like the Coal Trade. If that suggestion is ever carried out, our Civil Service will be transformed, and we shall throw into the maw of democracy the most valuable of our institutions.

HUNGARY AND THE DANUBE.

EVENTS in Hungary have justified our repeated criticisms of the policy of the Peace Conference in regard to Central and Eastern Europe. That policy consists in the creation of a Belt of West Slav States, which are to carry out the plans of the Western Allies in regard to holding down Germany and holding back Bolshevism.

An early result of this policy was the triumph of Bolshevism in Hungary. The handing over of Hungarian territory to Roumania wrecked what remained of the prestige of government, and Count Karolyi, who had been trying to guide and control the revolution, gave over to the Bolsheviks. Czecho-Slovaks, Roumanians, and Jugo-Slavs were ordered forward. Only after a three-months' delay, and aided by French generalship and the Allied blockade of Hungary, did the Roumanians succeed in defeating Bela Kun's armies. The Peace Conference prepared to treat with the Socialist Government which succeeded the Soviet and forbade the Roumanian armies to occupy Buda Pest. This prohibition, and that against requisitioning supplies, were alike disregarded by the Roumanian Government. Placed as the latter was, with Bolshevik governments on two sides and ruling over a country which has suffered enormously in the war, it was, perhaps, wise not to take risks. Its recalcitrance was stimulated by the desire to regain the prestige lost through its failure to enforce the terms of the 1916 Treaty under which Roumania entered the war, and its acceptance of the Conference terms safeguarding the rights of minorities in Roumania. The Conference had to accept the *fait accompli*. If the report is true that the Roumanian harvest has been unexpectedly good, that country with the additional supplies requisitioned in Hungary could probably defy the food blockade threatened by the Conference. The whole incident shows how weak are the coercive powers possessed by the Western Allies and how untrustworthy their agents. Is the League of Nations likely to be more effectual? The differences of opinion among the Allied representatives at Paris, or more probably between the members of the Conference on the one hand, and the French military leaders on the other, emphasize the difficulty experienced by the victorious Allies in deciding upon a policy. Will the League of Nations find it easier in a similar case? There will be such cases all over Eastern Europe.

The Communism of Hungary has obtained a factitious repute through the comparison between its methods

and those of Lenin. It was not a centralized Terror living on murder and torture, as in Russia; the Hungarians are a civilized people. But it was based on the overturn of every institution which society through generations has found necessary, and directed by a few autocrats drawn from the lowest ranks of society. As a Soviet newspaper put it, "The storm of the Revolution has brought uppermost those adventurers and rogues who live on their wits, and in consequence prey on the people." A reign of terror was, in fact, put into operation by Bela Kun's officials and in particular by his armed guard, the notorious "Lenin boys." Necessary to the support of Bela Kun's regime, they were never properly under his control. These hooligans practised robbery, blackmail, and violence against the *bourgeoisie*, thereby gratifying the jealousy which exists among every proletariat against those who dress better, talk correctly, and behave decently. Shortly before its fall, the Soviet Government began to conscript the *bourgeoisie* to defend this system—a singular commentary on democratic ideas of liberty! By meticulous regulation of the minutiae of daily life, the Soviet enforced proletarian ideas of good form. As the Communist paper above-quoted admitted, even trade-unions welcomed the idea of a counter-revolution. It is greatly to be regretted that the Conference has refused to recognize the Archduke, who seemed likely to maintain order. He, says the Conference in a Note, does not represent the Will of the People. This recalls Mr. Wilson at his worst. Political theorists have never been able to agree as to what constitutes the Will of the People, and how it is to be ascertained. But making the large assumption that such a corporate Will exists and can under normal conditions be expressed by the electoral system, the argument of the Note remains equally absurd. How can a people which has suffered as these East Europeans have done from war, foreign occupation, starvation and disease, be said to have a corporate Will functioning normally? As well apply the criteria of conduct accepted by a clubman to a fever-stricken wanderer in the Australian bush. The Note makes it a count against the Archduke that he has established himself by force. That he had at his command organized force is a necessity of his existence. The position of the Government which succeeds him simply depends on the terms it gets from the Western Allies. If the latter continue to refuse to recognize it, or impose harsh terms, it will go down, as Karolyi went down. If Paris grants moderate conditions which enable Hungary to remain a nation and resume its economic life, the government may be able to bring order and security into this distracted country.

Elsewhere in the Danube Basin the failure of Paris is driven home. Czechoslovakia complains of Roumanian acquisition of material and livestock which the former expected to share. The Roumanians have another quarrel on hand with Jugo-Slavia in regard to the disposition of the Banat. In defiance of the Conference the Jugo-Slavs retain Klagenfurt. Similarly Paris was forced to accept the Polish continuance of that imperialist nation's war against the Ukrainians for the possession of Eastern Galicia. The projected Slav corridor between Czechoslovakia and Jugo-Slavia has aroused intense opposition in Italy, as another step towards the constitution of a Slav power which, equally with the former Hapsburgs, will rival Italy in the Adriatic. Internal affairs in these States are in a state of equal uncertainty. In Jugo-Slavia, Montenegrins and Croats have shown that Serbian rule must be enforced by Serbian bayonets. The Roumanian Government has to adjust the divergent interests of Transylvania and the Dobrudja with those of Roumania proper. The Succession States of the Hapsburg realm and the Balkan nations are given over to a crude imperialism which they have neither the strength nor the political wisdom to carry out. The civilization of Jugo-Slavia may be estimated from the recent honouring of the memories of the Sarajevo murderers. The inability of these States to live at peace among themselves and the subjection to them of more highly civilized Austrians and Germans will keep Eastern Europe in a state of perpetual unrest.

This *Germania Irredenta* has recently been increased by the second part of the Austrian Peace Treaty, which places the German population of Bohemia, the Sudetenland, Moravia, Carinthia and the Tyrol under foreign domination. The economic and financial terms proposed by this Treaty—there seems reason to suppose they will be modified before signature—are merely ridiculous. Austria is now a small Alpine republic of six to seven million people, of whom two millions live in Vienna. She has no resources either agricultural or mineral, for the grain-lands of the Hapsburg Empire were in Hungary, her coal was in Bohemia, and her oil in Galicia. By virtue of the refusal or inability of the Succession States to supply Austria, she is preserved from sheer starvation solely by the food supplied by the Western Allies. The Allies are sending Austria condensed milk on credit, but the Treaty requires her to give up milch cows! On this small republic is heaped not merely by far the largest proportion of the pre-war debt of the Hapsburg Empire, but the whole of its war-debt. On top of this is imposed an indemnity of unlimited amount. This delirious finance simply puts Austria for an indefinite period into the hands of the Reparation Commission as Official Receiver. It is not easy to see who will benefit. One is driven to conclude that Paris has despairingly abandoned any attempt to deal seriously with financial questions—hardly an augury of the permanence of its arrangements for settlement.

The policy of using the new nations to fight anarchy, and at the same time hold down Germany and her late Allies, has broken down from the beginning. Stability in Eastern Europe is not compatible with the permanent subjection of Germany and Austria. That policy ensures continued strife and revolution at the time when the greatest British interest in Europe is the preservation of ordered government.

THE COMEDIES OF CANADIAN POLITICS.

THERE are various reasons why Canadian politics might be expected to present humorous features. In the first place, Canada is an exceedingly difficult country to govern. There are, in point of fact, really four or five different Canadas, each with divergent and sectional interests, and it is hard to coagulate under one creed a party which has to draw its members from each of these sections. The result is that there are to be found in the House of Commons, sitting side by side on the same Tory benches, men who have advocated protection with all the enthusiasm of Professor Hewins, and who have in opposition denounced the iniquities of high tariffs with all the zeal of Mr. F. W. Hirst. On the Liberal side there are to be found *pur sang* Free Traders breathing the fine fire of Cobdenism and keen defenders of the Tariff who have learned by heart Mill's defence of infant industries. On the Tory side are to be found ardent Imperialists beside whose vehement zeal the fervour of General Page-Croft pales its ineffectual fires, and stout anti-Imperialists who have declared, in order to win their elections in Quebec, that "Canada once obtained liberty by shooting holes through the British flag and might have to do the same again." On the Liberal side are to be found champions of autonomy who have likened Mr. Winston Churchill to Lord North and staunch Imperial partisans who have been the guests of the United Empire Club and have made grave speeches in London advocating Imperial Federation. The most recent champion of Imperial centralisation is a Senator who is also a Liberal.

When such conditions prevail, it is hard to take politics seriously; but it is not so much in the conduct of political business as in the winning of elections that the comedy is provided. Each party in turn has possessed, or possesses, efficient "machine" bosses to whom is delegated the task of winning elections. They are not people like Sir Robert Hudson, or Sir John Boraston; they are often high Ministers of State, who have the personal power to give favours and confer privileges. If such Ministers are not efficient administrators, they are always interesting person-

alities. It is a great pity that the machine bosses of North America do not favour the practice of writing autobiographies; there would be few more illuminating documents in the history of political literature. The machine politician of North America has usually power for other reasons than his patronage. He acquires a vast knowledge of the frailties and weaknesses of his fellow men and is often in the strong position of holding the reputation of scores of prominent citizens in his hands. Visitors to the offices of certain prominent Canadian statesmen have often been struck by the curiously disreputable men who throng the ante-rooms. There are to be seen faces that might well be arrested on suspicion as desperadoes, or at sight of whom one's coat is instinctively buttoned up. But an experienced North American politician would at once realise that he was in the presence of men in whose hands might be the political destinies of the Empire. Each party has in its employ and among its entourage strong contingents of professional "heelers." Some of them have nominal employment as real estate agents or brokers, but their main activity is politics. Their duty is to organise the winning of elections, and in Canada there are some peerless experts at the game. There is in Chicago a certain institution which is to all intents and purposes a school for the training of electioneering experts. There men are trained in all the tricks of the trade—to impersonate, to stuff ballot boxes and perform other illegal feats; and from this institution in times of crisis there can be secured, for considerable fees, a band of skilled professionals who might be calculated to turn the fortune of war on the polling day. Some experts from the institution were once imported into Western Canada to assist in a very serious election. They played their part; but when they were receiving their hire, they expressed surprise at the necessity for their importation, for they declared that they had nothing to teach some of the local specialists.

The atmosphere enveloping election programmes has often most ludicrous aspects. The normal electoral contest is based upon other and baser forms of appeal. The most common strategy on a Government side is to produce some huge scheme of material development. In Sir John MacDonal's time it was the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the favourite standby of the Laurier Administration for its elections was the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, which in later years was supplemented by the Hudson Bay Railroad. Such a platform serves a double purpose. In the first place, it provides the attraction of hope to a variety of elements, contractors, real estate speculators, merchants and others, and in the second, it indirectly provides the Government, in ways which need not be specified, with the sinews of electoral war. It also brings visions of the longed for bliss of an accessible railway to many an isolated settler. But unfortunately more settlers enjoy these visions of bliss from railway schemes than are ever likely to realise them. When a railway project is the election cry, parties of surveyors are sent out far and wide over the country, laying out survey lines and setting up flags and posts. At one time on the heyday of the G.T.P. campaign, every other settler in Saskatchewan believed that either the Transcontinental Railway or a branch of it was to touch his immediate homestead, and he was not likely to vote against a Government which promised this dispensation. The opposition might promise it too, but the Government were very visibly ready to act. The construction of the now notorious Grand Trunk Pacific was not without its scandals, and by the time it had been in process for some years, there was a considerable suspicion in the minds of many of the electors of Canada; but the battle-cry, "Let Laurier finish his work," rallied the voters to the polls and gave the Liberals the victory. There have been other election railway projects that were not so fortunate. Away back in the 'eighties in Manitoba, there was a bitter outcry against the monopoly of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and local wisdom decided that it could best be broken down by a State Railway to the Hudson Bay. Accordingly, the party in power in the local

House promised a railway to the Bay, at this time a most extravagant and hopeless project. They gave out contracts for the undertaking and the initial rails were laid with much pomp and ceremony. For forty miles north of Winnipeg a rough track was made, and at the crisis of the election two engines were one day solemnly dispatched along it on their way to the Arctic North. When the election was won they disappeared, the construction of the railway ceased, and it remained for many years two lines of rust. It afterwards became known that the engines, which had been adorned with the letters H.B.R., standing for Hudson Bay Railway, had all the time belonged to the Canadian Pacific Railway, who had at once resumed possession of them and, erasing the letters H.B.R., substituted for them their proper and original insignia of C.P.R. But the purpose had been served, as the Government, which was under the thumb of the C.P.R., had passed through the ordeal of the election and was prepared to face the music.

If there is one thing more certain than another, it is that the present Government will not go to the country without some similar grandiose scheme. What it will be is uncertain. The most probable project is the Georgian Bay Canal to connect Montreal with the Great Lakes. It would be a vast undertaking and worthy of the most audacious dreams of Canadian enterprise. But unfortunately there are great difficulties, and it might prove a two-edged sword in an election. The present route of communication by water from the Great Lakes to Montreal is by the Welland Canal along the south shore of the Province of Ontario. If the traffic is diverted to the Georgian Bay Canal, there must necessarily follow a loss in trade to ports and cities in the southern part of the Province. If seats are held in the North by the Georgian Bay Canal, its construction is likely to lose as many in the South.

But there are other worlds to conquer, and we may well see a scheme advanced to introduce a system of canals connecting Winnipeg with Edmonton, or a transcontinental motor highway. Sometimes the promises have to be supplemented by visible signs of pseudo-performance. There was a bye-election in Quebec, and in a constituency there had been a long-standing nuisance in the shape of spring floods from the River Chateauguay. The Government were anxious to win the seat, and their representatives straightway promised that the banks of the river would be dammed, and the marshes, where the floods were prevalent, would be thoroughly drained. To give an air of reality to this promise, a band of two hundred men with rubber boots were sent to wade through the marshes, as if bent on surveying. The farming community was delighted, and returned the Government candidate by a small majority. When the election had been won, the rubber-booted brigade disappeared and have not been heard of since. A Government in Canada, Federal or Provincial, will promise anything to win a bye-election. They will agree to make ocean ports of tiny, shallow harbours, put locks upon raging rapids in obscure streams, construct Post Offices and Drill Halls, and do everything except honestly reform the Civil Service, which is their chief agent in arousing these splendid hopes. Three years ago a French-Canadian Minister newly admitted to the Cabinet was striving for re-election in the Dorchester Division of Quebec, and the Government had to strain every effort to secure his return. It was decided for this occasion that one item of governmental largesse should arrive in the constituency in the same form as Jupiter was wont to appear unto Europa; in short, the Department of Agriculture undertook to send out from the Ottawa experimental farm two magnificent pure-bred bulls for the free use of the Dorchester farmers. Two splendid specimens of the genus *taurus* were duly despatched, much play was made by the candidate about the Government's generosity, and the election was duly won. But the calves, which the pedigreed monsters begot, subsequently proved a serious strain upon the somewhat tiny breed of cows, which the backwoods habitation keeps, and a certain number died in travail. A

year later an indignant official of the Ministry of Agriculture had to report on his tour of inspection that one of the priceless pair, by this time famed in debate, had been slain and eaten, the other had suffered the more untimely fate of castration and reduction to the ignominious rôle of draught-ox, and the constituency would probably go Liberal next election.

BEHIND THE SCREEN.

By SIR SIDNEY LOW.

THERE is a quarrel raging rather violently just now in cinema circles. So far as it is a mere business dispute, it does not concern the world at large. But there are features in the affair which render it of considerable public interest.

For the larger part of our population the motion-picture theatre is the chief agency of entertainment, amusement, and (if the term may be permitted in this connection) of intellectual and artistic refreshment. Perhaps it ought not to be so; but so it is. Twenty millions of people in this country alone frequent "the pictures" week in, week out; the relative number is nearly as large in Canada, Australia, South Africa; it may soon (a rather appalling thought!) be proportionately as great in the cities and populous towns of India. Obviously the tastes, opinions, and ideas of this multitude must be influenced by the medium which for them has out-rivalled, and almost superseded, the pulpit, the stage, the printed novel, and even the newspaper. In some of the Western States of America, I am told the drama is dead; the "movies," assisted by the music-halls, have killed it.

In this country, and throughout the Empire, nine-tenths or more of the bioscopic pieces exhibited, are of American creation. The Americans grasped the possibility of the business before we did; they put brains, money, enterprise, and energy into it; they built up a gigantic organisation, while our own producers and caterers were still peddling in an hesitating ineffective fashion; they have developed higher technical and artistic ability, and have had more powerful financial support. They left their few English rivals far behind five years ago, and they have increased their advantage during the war, which hit British producers very hard indeed. Far from exporting films to the Dominions and Dependencies, this country can only keep an insignificant corner of its own market. Daily and nightly throughout the year, our millions, at home and overseas, spend their leisure time in looking at pictures, of which nine out of ten are American.

Does this matter? Some people will say that it does not. I am one of those who think it does, albeit, I am also of those who hold that to promote the closest possible mutual understanding and co-operation between the various branches of the English-speaking people is an object of prime and paramount importance, a thing worth living and dying for. But will this mutual comprehension be assisted by a communication which is merely one-sided, an invasion which crowds out the native occupant? If our masses at home, and our masses overseas, are so constantly steeped in the American atmosphere, may they not lose a little of their Britannic consciousness?

This danger is not merely fantastic in the case of the Dominions and Dependencies. The tie between us and these states tends to become cultural and sentimental rather than political and constitutional. But if in Melbourne and Toronto, and in Capetown and Calcutta, the majority of persons are always looking at American scenes, familiarising themselves with American society, American institutions, American customs, American standards of life and thought, and even American slang, while of England and the English they see and hear nothing—is it likely their attachment to the old land, and their interest in it, will be maintained? Britain will become a dim and faded memory; the "live" present will be embodied in America, that America with which they are so vividly and so frequently in contact. The Americans should reap the full reward of their energy and talent, and their works should often be shown on our screens; but not to the

complete exclusion of the indigenous product. Let us have American films and British films in all the English-speaking and English-ruled countries: including the United States, where at present an English film is as rare as a nightingale in a London back garden.

The British film-producing firms have been making a valiant effort, since the Armistice, to recover lost ground. But now it seems that they are threatened with a new peril. One of the great American concerns, the Famous Lasky Corporation, which has a whole string of subsidiary and allied companies on the other side, is starting to manufacture and produce film-pictures in this country. Its auxiliary or offspring here is called the Famous-Lasky-British Producers, Limited, nominally an English undertaking, which invites subscriptions from English investors, and is presided over by an English (or Welsh) chairman. It is, however, in the closest *liaison* with the Famous-Lasky group of the United States. The majority of its directors are also on the board of the American corporation, and it is that corporation which will shape the policy of the British company and control its affairs. The manager of the American Lasky Corporation, and its foreign representative, are both on the British Lasky directorate. Managers, organisers, producers, scenic artists, technical experts, and scenario-writers have already been exported by the American parent company for the service of its British auxiliary; and so close is the link between the two that a contract has been entered into by which the American Lasky Corporation binds itself not to deal in British film-pictures other than those produced by Famous-Lasky British Producers Limited. The combination does not believe in reciprocity. It will sell to the British exhibitors as many of its American pictures as it can. But it will not help to place before the American showman and his clients any British pictures except those "made in England" by its own partners, through the agency of its own producers, photographers, scenario-writers, and scene-builders: pieces which will be virtually American in design, and character, though they may be manufactured on British soil.

This is formidable competition, for the English companies, but it is the kind of competition they must be prepared to meet. They cannot expect to prevent American money and American brains from coming in to plough their own fields. If they can show pictures as good as those of either wing of the Famous-Lasky line, they will hold their own. All they need, or should need, is a fair chance of getting their wares upon the market. But the invading group is not anxious that they should have this chance. British Producers, Limited, is not the only Lasky subsidiary which is being floated in this country. There is another company called Picture Playhouses, Limited, with almost the same directorate. The manager of the American Lasky, a director also of the British Producers, Limited, is on the Picture Playhouses board, and is mentioned as its managing director; and generally it may be said that the *personnel* is identical. Now the object of Picture Playhouses, Ltd., is to build, or buy, motion-picture theatres in Great Britain and Ireland. They will, if they succeed, have what is called in America, a "chain," that is to say, a large number of tied houses all over the country, in which they can show their own productions and refuse to show those of any other firms or individual. They will then occupy the pleasant and profitable position of being both wholesalers and middlemen; and instead of requiring to sell their goods in free competition with other dealers, they will be able to bring before the frequenters of their own "chain" of halls, any pieces they have on hand, good or bad, and even to dump upon them inferior stuff for which they have no further use, or may never have had any use, in the United States. The longer the chain grows, the less free competition will there be, and the smaller will be the opportunity for the English firms to exhibit British-made pictures, either for home consumption, or for export.

British exhibitors have hitherto been excellent customers of the American Lasky group, and have paid them large sums for showing their films. Now, as I understand, they intend to boycott all the productions

of this American combination, if the alliance between the two new "British" companies is carried into effect. They cannot deter American financiers and specialists from making films in Britain if they please; and if these films are attractive, British exhibitors will buy them. But they want a fair field and a free choice, and do not wish to find themselves at the mercy of an American-controlled syndicate, which deals not only in pictures, but in picture-theatres, and may in time create a sort of monopoly.

The cinema is, or may be, the greatest propagandist agency in existence. It engages so much of the attention and interest of the masses that it must insensibly colour their thoughts and opinions; and it certainly is not quite healthy for them to be too largely and too constantly in contact with ideas, sentiments, and canons of taste and morals, which all emanate from a single body of persons in an extra-British country. We do not want our cinema patrons to breathe exclusively in the American air, bracing though that may be. Moreover, it appears that the promoters of the schemes in question cherish certain propagandist and political aims. In a recent newspaper panegyric, obviously inspired by the Famous-Lasky managers, I find these formulated in exalted terms:—

"One object at the back of the tremendous expansion in the production of Paramount Aircraft pictures is the belief of officials of the Famous-Players-Lasky Corporation that motion pictures can take the leadership in bringing about closer, better, and more friendly relations between the nations of the world. The success of the League of Nations, they feel, will depend in a large measure upon the abolishment of narrow creeds and prejudices, and the motion picture camera is expected to be the gun which will hold sway over the hundreds of millions who will be guided by the League of Nations."

It is, I am sure, very kind of the leading personages in the American Lasky Combine to devote their undoubted abilities to the laudable purpose of "bringing about more friendly relations between the nations of the world." But the enthusiasm with which I might regard this beneficent enterprise is a little dashed by the information that the celebrated Mr. William Randolph Hearst is closely associated with the Famous-Lasky Corporation of America, and has a very large, if not a dominating, interest in its transactions. Some months ago one of this eminent newspaper proprietor's own journals announced that "William Randolph Hearst Affiliates his Powerful Film System with the Famous Players-Lasky Distributing Corporation to give World Best Screen Works." The world, I hope, will be grateful for the "gift"—which is not intended to be exactly a free gift. But the world, or the Britannic part thereof, may also remember that Mr. W. R. Hearst is one of the most consistently virulent enemies of England and all things English to be found anywhere. The millions who read his newspapers in the United States are daily incited by them to hatred and contempt of this Empire and its peoples. That the League of Nations should prove successful is the earnest wish of many of us. But I think we may be entitled to view with some suspicion the attempt to secure this desirable result by the means of a million-pound international "gun," trained and pointed by a Transatlantic crew, which is "affiliated" with Mr. William Randolph Hearst. If the cinema is to be used for direct propagandist purposes, we had better have the propaganda supplied from domestic sources. A great popular propagandist machinery, worked and fed by persons living abroad, who are not British subjects, or under British supervision, might become a national embarrassment, or even a national danger.

OF ANTEDILUVIANS.

THE giants are always getting the worst of it, as 'The Old Curiosity Shop' well illustrates. When one surveys the mammoth skeleton—often reconstructed—of some antediluvian animal, one is apt to forget that some of them may have lacked a few of the modern faculties. Nor does one always remember that they took no thought for the impending flood. As children (and politicians) like to play with fire, so,

doubtless, these played with the water, perhaps fancying that no amount of it was equal to their awkward immensity and unbounded impulse to plunge and splash. It never occurred to them while gambolling that their pet element might one day destroy them. They fancied that—in Congreve's words—they were "fellows whom the flood could not wash away."

When we talk of antediluvians, we usually mean a variety of Philistines, cumbrous forms of old fogeydom impervious to ideas that bear no relation to the over-receptive, genial, ever-young Mr. Frederic Harrison,* whom in his salad days, Mr. Arnold used to ironise as "the young man from the country," kicking elegantly at conventions, the rebel theorist, the *peri* at the gates of a disordered paradise. Mr. Harrison was a critical idealist, believing in the perfectibility of everything—including governments—one of these days, yet even in his cult of Comte, this hierarch of "humanity," on the whole disdaining sentiment and criticising torpidity, was unconsciously something of a rather myopic antediluvian. Ideals are easy for clever young men of ideas with no thought of the morrow, and if such men are neither very rich or very poor, they can afford to indulge in a nebulous Socialism. Mr. Harrison was a sayer rather than a seer, and he never seems to have perceived that he too was playing with water, that it was to some speedy conversion of the human spirit that he was vaguely looking instead of to an embodiment of schemes without limits or proportions. Lord John Russell once confessed to a lady whom we knew that delightful as to his taste it seemed that Socialists, anarchists, communists and even conspirators should discuss their Utopias at his table, he devoutly hoped that none of their red reforms would ever be realised. Was there not the granite, if unformulated, dyke of the Constitution to stem them? Did not Hope lurk in Pandora's box? But were Lord John still with us, what would he say now? And what does Mr. Harrison say in his latest sheaf of jottings? The fact is that antediluvians are not, as a rule, originative. They disport themselves with second-hand crudities that contradict human nature, till they hate the very cannibals that, to their amazement, they engender. Moreover, they never descry what Heine so shrewdly foresaw in the forties, that the day was at hand when handworkers would cease to believe in celestial compensations and be induced—even if reluctantly—to demand cash down upon earth. And so, this kind of idealist, or rather idealogue, is always unwittingly evoking the basest varieties of sheer materialism. "What it really means," sighs our kindly, disillusioned veteran, speaking of latterday international Socialism, "is the insurrection of Labour mobs against legal authority. . . . It is the braggadocio of visionaries." Or, again, "Socialism . . . is being depraved into a gospel of self, of greed, even of plunder. So-called Socialists make no attempt to prove that their revolution will be good for society. The capitalist—i.e., he that has saved—his wife, children, and descendants are regarded as the enemy. They who have never saved enough to get them a house, a plot of land, or even a year's keep, or have made away with what their parents had saved, they are the Chosen People. To them everything belongs of right. . . . Judas wanted the precious ointment 'sold and given to the poor.'" "But then," he says on another page, which rightly trounces cubism and its kindred, "I am a mere 'Early Victorian,' a creature, they tell us, as grotesque and *passé* as post-boys and Sairey Gamps. Alas! I wrote an article in the very first number of the *Fortnightly*, in May, 1865, along with papers by—a string of very distinguished names." How pathetic it all is, the antediluvian who never believed in the flood, now staring at it blankly. The gifted writer of high ideals and wide cultivation, who stayed in the same hotel with Victorian genius, now deploring the bad manners and slovenly slang of the mob-diluvians!

"Thebes did his green, unknowing youth engage;
He chooses Athens in his riper age."

*Obiter Scripta. By Frederic Harrison. Chapman & Hall. 6s. net.

"Mr. Mallock," he comments, "shows us that all this is the inevitable result of a blind devotion to fluttering dreams which defy human nature as revealed to us by history and by science." Quite so, but why not earlier, dear Mr. Harrison?

And the new "democracy" is also something more. It is the result of cosmopolitan poison abetted or connived at by its very abhorers, sedulously, insidiously fostered by a small clique of ignorant and second-hand system-mongers, who usurp the name of Labour, while they dragoon the drudges out of whom—with the holiest pretensions—they make their account, of the retail politicians, too, who humour it for votes, propitiate it by sops and shrink from it at the public expense. Perpetual experiment as against universal experience is a very dangerous creed. Modern Socialism means, as was long foreseen, the "cult of incompetence" and the "horror of responsibility," and its motto is "*your capital is my income*"—the shortest cut to moral and financial pauperism and ruin. These are plain, if unpalatable, truths. To scold and regret is of no avail. Only organisation and individuality, in a word, leadership alone and character, can extirpate this cancer on the community. Let us make for these vigorously, purposefully, instead of sitting down under the incubus, as if it were a foregone conclusion. That is the weaker side of the amiable and talented author, yielding to the inevitable. When he rightly laments the tone and temper of the House of Commons, why does he not call for the sole practical remedy, a patriotic, creative opposition? Why does he not brand the Coalition as an organised hypocrisy? So with the League of Nations. Is it not obvious that the stucco of this New Jerusalem quite ignores the lessons of the Tower of Babel? Let us for heaven's sake be honestly selfish for Britain instead of the hypocritical friends of humanity. The old Duchess Sarah of Marlborough used to say of James the Second, that he wished to drag England to heaven with him to coddle his own soul. This is true of all cranks and fanatics, however high-minded. It is certainly true of President Wilson, whom Mr. Harrison extols for his *précis* of war aims, and even of Lord Grey of Fallodon, reproved by him as we are glad to note. But the rising waters cannot quite clear him of visionary hopes, as the current runs muddily onwards. The word "democracy" wields a spell, and so does the mist of memory. It is quite natural that Mr. Harrison should lapse into "As I told Mr. Ward long ago," "as I pointed out," and the like, nor is there any absence of interest and suggestiveness in the musings of a mind so wide and mellow as his. He is a true *cicerone* of the fine Victorian Age. But why does he imagine that he ever essentially belonged to it, save in the sense that any contemporary dissenter from it so belonged? True, thank goodness, he does belong to it now. But alas! he is Epimetheus. Perhaps it may be this frame of mind that makes him find in Lord Morley's apology for his life an English classic. He compares him favourably with Burke! Good heavens! We would not venture to pit ourselves against Mr. Harrison as literary appreciators, but we do take exception to this apotheosis of Lord Morley's powers and style.

Yet not all our cavils shall prevent us from honouring the lovable Mr. Harrison, who in this interesting booklet presents a terrible drama with point and sincerity, while he ranges at will through a whole gamut of feeling from ancient to modern. All that we would beg him is to do more than persist in the wailings of Jeremiah—"precisely that prophet of whose style (said Arnold) I least approve." What we need now is another Isaiah. In the late fifties Disraeli pointed out prophetically what the natural results of unlimited, unqualified, democracy must prove, and in the early sixties he defined its presage as "the rule of one class, and that the least enlightened." Mr. Harrison now sees that no enthusiasm for the perfectibility of man can prevent that curtailment of freedom and impairment of property, energy, and security which Disraeli predicted. Once grant, "As you like it," and you get the Comedy—or rather a Tragedy—of Errors. Dignity vanishes; chaos abounds; and a tyranny looms in sight.

CORRESPONDENCE

FREEMEN, SAVE THE STATE!

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Lord Wrenbury is an austere lawyer, not prone to hysterics or sentiment. When therefore he invites such free men as the trade-unions and the bureaucracy still allow to be at large to combine and rescue the State from slavery or starvation, his call deserves serious attention.

The chief difficulty is the production of coal, for on coal all the other trades without exception depend. Unless we are to return to the state of the primitive Britons and gnaw raw roots and berries, and dress in skins and paint, coal we must have. But the work of hewing coal requires a careful training of two or three years. Almost every other form of manual labour can be learned in a few weeks, such as the dock labourer's and the railway man's job. But coal hewing is dangerous, if undertaken by untrained hands. How are the free men of Lord Wrenbury's army to learn coal cutting? The miners won't allow any one down the pits, unless they are members of their union. The coal-pits might certainly be seized by physical force, by free men, dressed as soldiers, policemen, or civilians, and some of the older coal-hewers might, no doubt, be bribed to brain the new miners; or instructors might be imported from France, or Germany, or America. But that would mean civil war, for the miners, like Ulster, would fight, though they would not be right, like Ulster. Our class hatred has been fanned to such white heat by violent and unruly men, and the greed of the manual labourers has been excited to such a pitch by the corruption and feebleness of the Government, that I do not believe we shall recover our national position without a civil war. After all, the Northern and Southern States of America fought for three years over questions of no greater magnitude than those which now beset us. The Northerners wanted a protective tariff, being manufacturers, and heartily disliking the gentlemen landowners of the South, wished to prevent them from cultivating their estates by slave labour. We here in England wish to be free from the tyranny of the trade-unions, whose slaves at present we are. Is not the emancipation of white men and women from slave-drivers like Messrs. Smillie, Williams & Co., a cause as much worth fighting for as the freedom of negroes? Whether any success will attend Lord Wrenbury's appeal is another matter. There may be some 8 or 10 million trade-unionists. Counting boys and girls between 16 and 20, there are probably some 30 million non-unionists. Is the third to tyrannise the two-thirds? Without organisation the two-thirds will undoubtedly be bullied, taxed, and ordered by the one-third. All revolutions are prepared and carried through by small minorities of extreme views. It is true that such revolutions are short-lived, because they provoke reaction, by the law of polarity. And that is my only hope. We have practically had a revolution; is not the reaction now due?—Yours truly,

G. H. B.

"SAVIOURS OF EMPIRE."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—THE SATURDAY REVIEW is one of the few papers which rightly enough is no respecter of Mr. Lloyd George's Glasgow supermen. Further, what does the Army think of these camouflaged colonels who have been so nobly "doing their bit" during the war?

Corruption and jobbery are now being discovered everywhere, and the business community may well begin to think whether the standard of integrity in the commercial world will bear examination.

For the honour of the Army I sincerely trust that all the camouflaged colonels will be immediately relieved of army rank. Apparently the business men of the country are being found out. We are now learning what these great patriots have been doing in the Great War.

Disgrace and dishonour appears likely to fall on many of them. That is less than they deserve, but even their dishonour may bring disaster to the country itself and to the British Empire.

CARDROSS.

Hazeley Heath,
Hartley Wintney, Hants.

ECONOMY.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—What is the use of preaching Economy and telling us that as a Nation we are proceeding headlong to ruin? Such warnings may be very creditable to Cabinet Ministers, but they know—we all know—that the most unjustifiable extravagance is rampant.

And it will continue, preachment or no preachment, until a man arises who is strong enough to put an end to it.

Take the numerous Government Departments, each with its ramification of subdepartments presided over by Colonel this and Major that.

There is, for instance, that highly efficient department of which Colonel Whats-his-name is the head, and which I may call "the Bootlace and Buttons Department." It has a staff of some twenty or thirty officials, all of varying importance, with typists, messengers, &c., each being paid above his (or her) commercial value.

Bootlaces and buttons having ceased to be of first rate importance, Colonel W. has been informed that economy is urgent, and he must reduce his department and its expense. Now human nature being what human nature is, and self-preservation being its first law, I ask you, Mr. Editor, can Colonel W. be expected to make the reduction? Of course not! He is drawing a Colonel's pay, and if he reduce his staff to say, ten, a Captain or even a Lieutenant could manage it, and the gallant officers above that rank would have to go. What, therefore, does Colonel W. do? He naturally insists that his department is the one department essential to the State, that it must be maintained at its full strength, and his emphasis is even as the emphasis of Lord Decimus Tite Barnacle defending the Circumlocution Office.

Is Colonel W. to blame? Certainly not. He is, as he knows full well, on a soft thing, and means to stick to it. He never did so well before.

When and not till when the strong man comes along and turns Colonel W. out neck and crop, we shall have economy.

I am sure, Mr. Editor, that you know more than one department that answers to the description of the Bootlace and Buttons department—we all do—the man in the street does; and that is what riles us when Cabinet Ministers preach economy.

Yours truly,
BURTON WARD.

24, Ely Place, E.C. 1.

TRIALS OF THE DEMOBBED.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I don't understand how Mr. John Macdonald, of Glasgow, who tells us he was paid £4 a week as a dock labourer, should only be getting £2 10s. a week now. Every other form of manual labour is being paid two or three times the pre-war rate. Mr. Macdonald doesn't tell us that he is disabled in any way by his military service. It is very much to his credit that he refused to take the unemployed dole. There are still some working-men left with a sense of independence and self-respect. Hundreds of thousands, however, are living on outdoor relief, not only without shame, but with exultation. Such is the wholesale demoralisation caused by the war. We now begin to understand the value of the workhouse test.

There is another thing I fail to understand in Mr. Macdonald's letter. I thought that £130 was the limit of the incomes subject to income-tax. How then can a man earning £125 a year be subject to income-tax?

Yours faithfully,
BELISARIUS.

RAILWAY CHARITIES AND THE PUBLIC.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—On a recent Saturday the travelling public no doubt noticed the approaches to the principal London stations, and maybe elsewhere, "picketed" by men and women in holiday attire and bearing in the one hand a tray of little red rosettes, and in the other a collecting box labelled "Railwaymen's Orphans." This box was vigorously shaken at one and a contribution earnestly solicited.

The appeal had every appearance of having been officially organised and sanctioned.

The public, we know, Sir, is proverbially forgetful, but they may possibly still remember that the railway employees have recently dipped their hands into the national coffers to the tune of some £100 million a year; that, as a consequence the 50% increase in fares has come to stay with every likelihood of a further advance, and this coincidentally with a restricted and less efficient service; that the country has suffered great inconvenience and loss, and been kept in a state of continuous trepidation by strikes and threats of strikes; that at certain critical moments of the war the country was held to ransom by extravagant demands; and at the very moment I write another strike threat is hanging over us.

That these same men should now come forward, hat in hand, and solicit the sympathy and charity of the public is, in my opinion, a piece of consummate impertinence, and little short of a scandal.

People have become fairly inured to appeals more or less deserving during the last few years, but this latest example strikes one as about "the limit."

We shall expect next a "flag day" for the miners.

As, no doubt, many of the orphans are those of railwaymen who have fallen in the War, it might have been thought that the great majority of their colleagues, particularly those young "indispensable" heroes, who stayed at home, and lined their pockets so successfully by holding a pistol to the head of a sorely tried public, would now have cheerfully put their hands sufficiently deep into those same pockets to obviate any appeal to outsiders in this matter.

The occasional price of an extra pot of beer, or a few packets of cigarettes, or, say, one of the lordly tips that a "John Bradbury" surfeited public is so lavishly showering upon many of them, ought, it seems, to suffice for this.

It is, of course, not known to what extent the public responded to this impudent appeal, but it is to be hoped it got the "cold shoulder" it so well deserved.

The greatest sympathy is naturally felt by all of us for the orphans themselves, but if by any chance they should suffer through lack of funds, it is only proper that the stigma for such a gross dereliction of duty should rest with those to whom it rightly attaches.

It looks as if labour was inclined to regard its orphans, as it does the Income Tax, *vis.* : as something to be "got round," if possible, and left to other people.

Yours sincerely,
CRICKLEWOOD, N.W. TRAVELLER.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE ALLIES.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The explanation given by Mr. H. B. Devey of the order in which the signatures of Representatives at the Paris Conference were written is satisfactory, so far as it goes, but, it does not account for what was chiefly in my mind, *vis.* : that in Mr. Wilson's speeches he always put himself or his country first when mentioning the Powers arrayed against Germany. Even as strictly correct, it was not courteous. Rarely and almost grudgingly did he make any acknowledgement of the immense services rendered by Great Britain on sea and land to the cause of Justice and Humanity, the cause to which for two and a half years he had been deliberately blind and which he espoused only because Germany refused to exempt U.S. merchant vessels from submarine attack. That may seem to certain persons merely a question of sentiment. Consider, however, to what lengths this chill aloofness of tone

and inconsiderate attitude are carried. The tonnage to which the U.S. were entitled upon a *pro rata* distribution of the German Mercantile Marine was 40,000. They have been allowed to appropriate 700,000 tons, or seventeen times as much as they were entitled to claim. I have worked out the figures carefully upon such data as were available, and I believe the figures I have given are substantially correct. Great Britain lost over 8,000,000 tons of merchant shipping during the fifty-one months of the war. The U.S.A. during the nineteen months of her participation lost 120,000 tons. We shall obtain, probably about 800,000 tons of German shipping, or about one-tenth part of our loss, while the U.S. obtains nearly six times as much as she lost. This amazing, almost incredible, instance of inordinate grab on the one side and abject acquiescence on the other, of blazing injustice to our country and our heroic devoted merchant seamen, calls forth no indignant protest from our too patient people and too subservient House of Commons. The unconcern and apathy of the Unionist in view of the aggressive attitude and policy of the U.S. Government and of their great trade interest are truly astounding. One might have thought that the Labour Party would have been alive to the almost incalculable dangers which must confront us from across the Atlantic in the near future, but they are too absorbed in their short-sighted rapacious schemes and unpatriotic, selfish greed, to take notice of anything so trivial as the interests of their country and the honour, safety and welfare of an Empire which now covers one-third of the whole earth's surface. Some day there will be a terrible and, alas, too late awakening. As it was in the six years before 1914, when you looked eastward across Europe, so may it be in the ten years to follow this, as you look westward across the Atlantic. Our prophets prophesy falsely, our statesmen speak smooth things, and what will ye do in the end thereof?

Your obedient servant,

Mandeville, Jamaica.

H. S. BUNBURY.

August 6th, 1919.

WHAT ABOUT KOREA?

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—As the "Government" is apparently committed to the principle of making the heads of States responsible for the acts of their governments, might it not on the same principle arraign, and if found guilty, punish the home-grown variety of the like genus, to wit, the industrial agitator who is prepared to hold this country to ransom, unless his political, social, and economic schemes are adopted, and who makes no secret of his intention to do so? After all, charity begins at home.

The *Times* the other day, in a "leading" article, uttered a more or less veiled threat to Holland should she venture to decline to hand over the person of the Kaiser, and I have no doubt but that Holland can be trusted to regard such impudence at its true value, but such effusions are really doing untold harm to the moral prestige of this country, for pace *The Times* and its kind, the creed commencing with "Whosoever will be saved before all things it is necessary that he hold the Democratic Faith" is not only not universally held, but many of its adherents are losing faith in its nostrums, they are beginning to realize that "Democracy" is merely "Despotism" spelt differently, and to ask unpleasant questions, such as I was confronted with the other day, "If you disinterested Britishers ain't playing possum over the 'self-determination of small nations,' what about Ireland, and to mention no others, Korea?" Well, Sir, as to Ireland, only one man ever saw the way out of that difficulty, and that was George Wyndham, and he was made to walk the plank by his not very intelligent or grateful colleagues, and as to Korea, I couldn't own up and say that in Democratic diplomacy hypocrisy was an absolutely essential element, because I guessed that my friend would not say "quite so," and that would be uncomfortable. So I thought (as a very old subscriber) I might venture to ask you, Sir, What about Korea?

FACTUS SUM.

LORD HALSBURY AND OURSELVES.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your issue of the 26th May last Lord Halsbury was quoted as having said, with reference to the guerilla warfare existing after the Boer War, that it was "a sort of a kind of a war." Unless I am much mistaken, what he really did say was that it was "a sort of war"; and as this exactly described the kind of war in question, it seems incomprehensible that (apart from your own quotation) he should have been quoted over and over again as having said "a sort of a war" in a manner implying that he had said something ridiculous.

Like your correspondent of the 5th ultimo I am old enough to remember THE SATURDAY REVIEW in the sixties of the "last century"; but unlike him, I also remember the delight which reading it afforded me in those days, certainly more than any other weekly or daily paper: indeed your correspondent (who seems unaware of the excellence to which it had attained in the sixties, or of the eminent men who contributed to it) could not possibly have paid you a higher compliment than the unconscious one that under your guidance "it maintains its old reputation." Long may it do so, and continue to show up without fear or favour the abuses of the time.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

C. J. ARROWSMITH.

Abergele, North Wales.

20 August, 1919.

POLYPAPIST POISON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—If the harpies who exploit the greed, envy, and ignorance of our manual labouring class should force the Kerenskys of our Government to adopt the nationalisation stunt, would it not be well for them to start on the London daily Press? That three London daily newspapers should be controlled by a vain, shallow-minded Irishman, like Lord Northcliffe, is, I venture to assert, a far greater danger to the nation than the ownership of our coal mines by Englishmen like the Duke of Northumberland.

It is a pity the British advertisers cannot be induced to follow the example of the principal American advertisers, who refuse to patronise newspapers which encourage labour stunts, socialist schemes, and other pauperistic movements, and which boom and glorify the persons engaged in them. It is a pity, too, that our wealthy Conservatives neglect to provide London with new Conservative daily newspapers in place of the journals which since their capture by the Northcliffes, Hultons, Dalziels, and Beaverbrooks, have rattled more or less to the Radical, Labour, Home Rule, or Socialist side. The recent general election showed that the majority of Londoners are still loyal, patriotic and Conservative, and I happen to know that the heads of our big advertising firms are generally Conservatives. In view of this, it is unthinkable that the Conservatives of the Metropolis should continue to be represented by newspapers which, with one or two exceptions, are not Conservative, and are not owned or edited by Conservatives. Many Radical newspapers pose as Conservative because the value of the advertisement space in a Radical organ is far less than that of the space in a Conservative journal of the same circulation, and can be sold for not more than half the price.

Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH BANISTER.

West Hampstead, N.W.

MR. CLYDE AND SIR JOHN HUNTER.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Are you not a little premature in acclaiming Mr. Clyde whose "rapier has pinned Sir J. Hunter to the wall?"

After all, it was not Sir J. Hunter, but the finding of Sir F. Banbury's committee which excited indignation against the Lord Advocate.

Sir J. Hunter straightforwardly appeared as a witness before the Committee, whereas the Lord Advocate, alleging that his Department's letter spoke for itself, refused to do so: the aforesaid letter, by the way, which spoke for itself, required a deal of explaining in Mr. Clyde's speech in the House of Commons.

I doubt whether the "ordinary man" has the same respect or admiration for the legal mind as yourself.

We civilians are a little tired of the casuistries of lawyers and would prefer to see the evil-doer—whether underling or overling—punished, or, at least, exposed.

And we are grateful to Sir John Hunter and rather irritated with Lord Advocates and solicitor-generals, their pedantries and their lawyer's rapiers notwithstanding.

Yours truly,

H. DE MONTMORENCY.

Elmwood, Pentac, Jersey.

20 August, 1919.

THE DRUNKEN HELOT: AMERICAN MANNERS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I read with interest and I hope with profit, the letter headed "An American on the SATURDAY REVIEW," which appeared in your issue of the 9th inst.

It occurs to me, however, that your printers may have done an injustice to the gentleman who writes from Oak Park, Illinois. His name is printed "Edward I. Wade." Should it not be "Elijah Pogrom"?

Martin Chuzzlewit, were he alive, could surely identify the signature.

At any rate, Elijah Pogrom "said it all before," forty odd years ago.

How true it is—as Meredith says—"our new thoughts have thrilled dead bosoms."

Yours faithfully,

GEO. A. MACDONALD.

Law Society's Hall, Chancery Lane.

HAVE WE A WORKING IDEAL?

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—A Working Hypothesis is a guiding star to the scientist; have our Politicians and Social Reformers any equivalent? Any Working Ideal high above party cries, that would serve as a general criterion for all efforts at reconstruction? "The greatest happiness of the greatest number," is fine as a sentiment; but is too vague and lacking in guidance. Happiness is a bye-product of duty done; when pursued as a sole aim, it is apt to be a will-o-the-wisp.

The nearest approach to a working ideal was that preached by Cobden and Bright, whose fetish became a commercial religion with the old school. This would have made Britain the Cheap John of the world, and enthroned the huckster God of Cheapness as our reigning deity. Such an "ideal" was as unnecessary as it was inadequate; and is repudiated by the rest of the world.

The only aim, I think, which is entirely worthy and adequate is: The All-Round Development of all our Resources; and the cult of an ever-growing sense of Partnership. Not only our material resources, but our physical, mental, and spiritual resources must be equally developed, and that will bring the happiness which eludes us when pursued as an aim. From this standpoint we can see how sadly inadequate are the aims behind all the parties in every field; narrow vision blights them all. What are we to think of the "Political Economy" that developed our resources in a lopsided way, encouraging our secondary industry at the expense of the primary and fundamental one, and left us abjectly dependent on the foreigner for our food? What of the principle of neglecting the endless and inexhaustible supply of food from agriculture, and paying for foreign food with our Coal-Capital, which is a fixed quantity; and now leaves us at the mercy of the

miners? The whole system is unsound, not to say rotten; yet, as a fiscal creed, it is held by many with strange fanaticism. By developing sanely all our resources in the order of their importance we should be largely self-contained; and by knitting together our whole Empire, or Commonwealth of Free Nations, in sound fiscal bonds, we might be self-supporting, and free from all fear of the deadly competition with which we are faced.

But the war and the old system have left us so deeply committed that an energetic and united effort is needed to save us from disaster; this can only be got by my second proposition; the cult of an ever-growing sense of partnership. An exaggerated sense of class antagonism smothers the sense of patriotism; the workers think they are working not for themselves and their country, but for profiteers and capitalists; and feeling their enormous power, and their ability to enforce their demands against those whom they regard as their enemies, they are bent on this suicidal war. Having the power they must have corresponding responsibility, and that share of control which responsibility implies. Some form of co-partnership is the vital necessity; and the capitalists must be regarded as partners and indispensable friends, not as enemies to be fought. An ever-growing sense of partnership, in the business, and in the State and everything pertaining thereto, is the only thing to bring that saving unity of effort without which we are doomed.

Yours faithfully,

E. WAKE-COOK.

27, Hartington Road, Chiswick, W.4.

'THE YOUNG VISITERS.'

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent's suggestion that the much boomed Daisy Ashford is only the fictitious nine-year-old authoress of a work of fiction by Sir James Barrie seems an encouragement to others of us to air our hitherto privately nurtured heresies with regard to this apocryphal masterpiece of juvenile genius.

On a first reading, one chuckles through 'The Young Visitors' with non-critical and unfeigned enjoyment. But on a second perusal, one is constantly held up by a dawning suspicion that the thing is faked, the suspicion becomes a positive conviction when the last page is reached, and the book is cast aside with some resentment at having had our legs pulled so mercilessly, by even such a charming clown as Sir James Barrie.

It is within the bounds of possibility, of course, that an *enfant terrible* of the Edwardian age, left to the society of servants in smart houses, might have gleaned from the gossip of valets and ladies-maids, "copy" about early morning tea in bed, turning on baths, the uses of the rouge-pot, and other correct bedroom details such as contribute so largely to the humorous bye-play of the 'Young Visitors.' She may have drunk in verbal reports of things that happened at levées, and have picked up tags of scandal from the same source relating to "high life" in "compartments" and have overheard allusion to the "sinister" children of a royal personage. All this is natural, though not a little vulgar.

What gives Daisy away, and Sir James Barrie too, is Daisy's spelling. That any little girl of nine who wasn't a dunce and who had sufficient brains to attempt writing novelettes at all, would spell simple, spelling-book words of three letters phonetically as well as the long, grand words (which, oddly enough, are often spelt right) is absolutely incredible.

The bad spelling is, in fact, so obviously and elaborately engineered that it won't bear close examination. Compare it for instance with the delightfully amusing bad spelling in Samuel Butler's *Aunt and Dog* essay; and you have the difference between genuine and faked illiteracy.

BEATRICE MARSHALL.

38, Bramerton Street, Chelsea.

REVIEWS

POLITICAL OR SOCIAL LIBERTY?

The Case for Liberty. By E. S. P. Haynes. Grant Richards. 6s. net.

THIS is the second time in the last three years that Mr. E. S. P. Haynes has sounded a *réveillé* on the bugle of Liberty, and we wish him all the attention and applause which he deserves. For his little book is replete with rare and robust commonsense; his reasoning is consequent; and his illustrations are occasionally witty, as "patriotism is as much the stock-in-trade of a politician as an apron is of a bishop or a butcher." Very good, too, is the remembered saying of the late Charles Eliot Norton, that "democracy would be a very pleasant society to live in a thousand years hence." But although Mr. Haynes's arguments are unanswerable, and his pamphlet is so very readable, we are not sanguine about his getting a hearing. When Louis XVI. tried to say a few words to his subjects on the scaffold, Santerre, the brewer, bid the drums beat and the trumpets blare. The friends of Liberty are pleading for life; and the drums of Bureaucracy, and Collectivism, and Syndicalism, and Bolshevism, beat loudly and continuously. They are so rich, and so well organised, all these 'isms, with their publicity experts, and the Individualists are so poor, and scattered, and so stupid in the modern science of stunting! Yes, we fear for Mr. Haynes, though, we repeat, we wish him well.

We have conquered the Kaiser in war; but in peace the vanquished exile has conquered us, for he has forced us to exchange our old order of settled, sweet, English life for his system of State regimentation. Bureaucrats and Socialists alike are seeking to fasten on our neck the yoke of Prussian interference with private life; for us, the herd, is left only the liberty of choosing between the Civil Servant, the Business Man, and the Fabian Essayist. War cancels all personal liberty, we know, but the war is over, at least the life and death war with Germany, for throughout Russia and a great part of Eastern Europe, war still fitfully continues. But though *our* war is over for this generation, "Dora" still ranges, or, rather, rages throughout the land, and there are no signs of her going West. Mr. Haynes makes the same mistake as Lord Robert Cecil; he imagines that the British people love liberty. They do nothing of the kind; what they love is equality, which, men being mentally and physically unequal, can only be attained by a system of tyranny, worse than aught they fable of Nero, Tsar, or Kaiser.

In his Introduction (p. 27), Mr. Haynes distinguishes between political and social liberty. "But by some queer law of compensation, which the future historian may perhaps be able to explain better than I can, political liberty has always flourished in the absence of social liberty, and social liberty has always flourished in the absence of political liberty. The Pilgrim Fathers enjoyed political liberty at the expense of the sort of social tyranny, which Hawthorne has so classically described in *The Scarlet Letter*. Any Russian peasant or citizen before 1916 enjoyed scarcely a vestige of political liberty; but in other respects he enjoyed a freedom which has never been known to the modern Englishman in regard to such matters as the opening and closing of theatres and restaurants." The distinction is perfectly just, and the historical illustration is apt and true. Except the Jews and the journalists, who would have their fingers in the political pie, the Russians under their Tsars were free and happy. In Germany, as has been said, everything was *verboten*; in Russia nothing was forbidden except politics. Here in England to-day, we have complete political liberty, in that every man and woman, boy and girl, has a share, if only a twenty-millionth share, in choosing the Legislature, which chooses the Government, which dictates laws. Everybody is equal in the courts of law, provided he or she can find the money to get there, and everybody can say or write what he pleases, within limits which are quite wide enough for any loyal citizen. But of social liberty we here in England to-day

know nothing, or less than nothing. We set our clocks and watches, not by the sun, as recorded at Greenwich, but by orders from Whitehall. We are not allowed to buy an alcoholic drink anywhere between 2.30 p.m. and 6; and from Friday till Monday noon, we cannot buy a bottle of wine or spirits or beer anywhere. Men and women are not allowed to sell their manual strength or technical skill to whom they please, or at the price, or for the hours they choose. We are not allowed to choose even our shops, but are tied by a ration-card to a retailer who may be, and is, as rude as he pleases. At intervals of a month or six weeks the trade-unions threaten to deprive us of fuel, light, and transport, and, consequently, of life. The Government, chosen by the twenty million males and females, has no other policy than to bribe the trade-unions into decent conduct with the money of the twenty millions. It never thinks of altering the law so as to make the trade-unions, like all other corporations, responsible for the acts of its members. It never dreams of organising and arming the nineteen millions, who wish to live in industry, against the one million who wish to live in idleness on the nineteen millions. This is political liberty; but it is assuredly not social liberty, but slavery of the most degrading kind.

We agree with Mr. Haynes that without individual liberty and individual property there can be no sense of civic responsibility; and without individual responsibility there cannot be a prosperous and progressive State. But Mr. Haynes is wrong in thinking that such fantastic devices as the Recall and the Referendum would be salutary checks on the tyranny of the Caucus. In the State of Oregon, U.S.A., where they have the Initiative, the Recall, and the Referendum, a minority of the citizens pass their lives in filling up ballot papers thrust into their letter-boxes by scores of Caucuses, organised by cranks and rogues of every colour. The majority use these voting papers for lighting fires or pipes, or other things, with the result that the laws of the State are completely changed about once a year, and that the community passes laws of its own by the Initiative, which the legislature rejects, while the community retorts by rejecting on the Referendum the laws passed by the legislature. Unless the innate commonsense of the Briton, about which we hear so much, will assert itself by defending individual social liberty—for political liberty is not worth "a continental damn"—we are in for a long and weary struggle between Collectivism, Syndicalism, and Internationalism. We are inclined to back with a shade of odds Syndicalism as the winning horse. Mr. G. D. Cole, who is the scribe of the Syndicalists, thinks that we ought to pick out some national type or group as the best, and then back it with all the force of the State. The ownership of property by trade groups or guilds is in Mr. Cole's opinion the type to be chosen and encased in Government authority. Messrs. Sidney Webb and Tawney are the protagonists of Collective Socialism, which proposes to concentrate all property in the hands of the State at Whitehall. Mr. Arthur Henderson professes to represent Internationalism, which has some curious and undefined affinity with the League of Nations, and has been said by himself to be "Bolshevism without bloodshed." Each and all of these systems are deadly to the individual, and to us the individual is everything. That nation progresses and prospers where the individual is strong and free. That nation declines where anonymous impulse is substituted for individual initiative.

ANOTHER AMERICAN ON WELTPOLITIK.

The End of the War. By Walter E. Weyl. The Macmillan Company. 8s. 6d. net.

THIS book was written at the beginning of last year, before the conclusion of separate peace treaties between Germany and the Bolsheviks and the Ukraine, though footnotes incorporate both these events and the first stage of the German offensive. The author was a Democratic supporter of President Wilson, believing fervidly in "democracy" and "internationalism." His general attitude, indeed—though not

necessarily his conclusions on specific points—is more or less in line with that taken up at the time by the *New Republic* and the *New York Nation*. In contradiction, however, to most of the President's ardent supporters, both in the United States and on this side, Dr. Weyl realized many of the facts of the European situation which militated against Mr. Wilson's idealistic aims. Hence his book, which is an attempt to forewarn the supporters of the Wilsonian policy against the difficulties they would have to overcome, and at the same time to answer the objection that their policy could not in any event be realized by war. The development of this position involves a consideration of the motives which brought America into the war, of her relations with the Allies, and of the line she should adopt in regard to peace negotiations.

Dr. Weyl's analysis of the motives which brought America into the war amounts to an attempt at justifying the phrase, "making the world safe for democracy." To Dr. Weyl, the danger at the beginning of 1917 was that American neutrality would result in her being involuntarily dragged into the culture of aggression practised by the rest of the world, in which case democratic government would become a luxury, "owing to the superior fighting efficiency of militaristic States." Therefore to America, at least the preservation of the balance of power in Europe was essential, while the only finally satisfactory solution was "internationalism." "If we are to remain disarmed we must disarm Europe." This argument assumes that without America's entry the Allies would, not merely not have won the war, but have decisively lost it. And the further assumption that it was this motive which influenced not merely President Wilson and the intellectuals of the *New Republic*, but public opinion in America, requires a good deal of proving. Dr. Weyl is undoubtedly correct in saying that American entry into the war was rendered easier by the fact that her neutrality had from the first been favourable to the Allies. But here again it may be questioned whether the cause of this favour was the sympathy of public opinion with the Allies, powerful as that sympathy was in the case of many of the leading politicians. The Allies were, while Germany was not, in a position to do profitable business. The author makes a strong point in the fact that America did not declare war until after the Russian Revolution. That event was undoubtedly believed in America at the time to indicate "a true democratization" of the war, i.e., a possibility that America's entry might make the conflict "a war for democracy and internationalism." But the Russian Revolution was the removal of an obstacle, not an original impelling motive. Dr. Weyl admits the existence of powerful economic interests working for America's entry into the war in 1917, which were not in operation in 1914: "Had we accepted the principle of the German blockade, which was our only alternative to war, the prices of foodstuffs, cotton, steel, and other products would have fallen and the result might have been a disastrous commercial and financial crisis." (Italics ours). Further, there was the desire of financial interests for the American Government's guarantee of obligations which England could no longer meet in gold or acceptable securities. Mr. Bonar Law's statement in December, 1916, to the effect that "our resources are not unlimited," may be recalled in this connection. There was the naval and military expenditure, which in the event of war the American Government would be compelled to make, and the potential utility of American armament in backing up American diplomacy in China and the Pacific. And the interests in question had a powerful Press. Dr. Weyl admits these interests, but discounts very heavily their efficacy. We should say that the most potent influence which aligned public opinion in America in favour of entering the war was the realization that such action was the only alternative to submitting to the dictation of the submarine warfare. Mr. W. R. Hearst's effort in March, 1917, which Dr. Weyl strangely omits to mention, to direct American policy into the direction of forming a League of Neutrals to protect their interests against both belligerent groups, indirectly confirms this view. The

whole question of the respective influence of financial, industrial, commercial and idealistic motives in securing the adoption of a war-policy resolves itself into a complicated problem of mass psychology.

Dr. Weyl goes further than the President and the majority of his supporters in America, in maintaining that the "peace on the lines of democracy and internationalism" could have been secured by negotiation in 1917. His argument is based on war-weariness in Germany, as evidenced by the Reichstag peace resolution in July, 1917, the German reply to the Papal Note, the unlikelihood at that time of German success in the field, and the bargaining potentiality of the Allies' control of raw materials. He criticises the *SATURDAY REVIEW*, for noting that "the three negatives" of President Wilson's message of August, 1917—no punitive damages, no dismemberment of Empires, no economic boycott—ran counter to the war aims of England, France and Italy, "so far as those have been formulated by their statesmen." We merely stated the fact of an apparent contradiction in aims between President Wilson and Allied statesmen. Dr. Weyl proceeds to argue on behalf of the substitution of a democratic, internationalist conception of society in place of the "national interests" which he rightly states this journal adopted as its criterion of peace conditions. Well, take the actual peace terms. Dr. Weyl concludes against unlimited indemnities and the dismemberment of Germany. These features were made part of the Peace Treaty, with the approval of Mr. Wilson, and were expressly stated by him to be in accordance with the Fourteen Points, the Charter of democratic internationalism. But they were opposed by the *SATURDAY REVIEW*, on a considered view of national interests. In other words, when it comes to a question no longer of issuing manifestoes, but of considering specific questions, then by Dr. Weyl's own standards our judgment was right, and that of the democratic internationalist *par excellence* was wrong. The explanation of this curious result reveals the fundamental weakness of the whole internationalist position taken up by Dr. Weyl. Like most Liberals, he repeats the fallacious assumption that democracy and internationalism are necessarily connected. The fact is that the masses of any community are not internationalist. They may on occasions be pacifist, but are more likely to be Chauvinist, and in either case are swayed by the caprices of emotion and passion. No stable international system can be built on the reasonableness of peoples. Therefore we prefer as a basis the enlightened self-interest of rulers, which is open to argument and compromise. A dispute between peoples is far more likely to be peacefully and permanently settled by members of leisured and instructed aristocracies over cigars and coffee, than by democratic leaders shouting at each other across the street. Here again let us take a practical test. Everyone knows the extent to which Mr. Lloyd George was handicapped at Versailles by the necessity of playing down to an uninstructed electorate—we say "necessity," because such it must appear to a democratic politician.

But however one may disagree with Dr. Weyl's book, one cannot refuse to recognize not merely the excellence of its vivid style, but also the care with which the argument is developed and the candour with which the opposing case is put. Specific European issues, such as, e.g., the relation of the German military system to those of France and Russia, and the Dalmatian question, are appreciated in a manner unusual among either American or English publicists, and the place of Belgium in English foreign policy is admirably summed up. Well-informed sincerity is not too common in books written to propagate views, but it is present in this volume in full measure.

THE EVOLUTION OF PEACE.

The Biology of War. By G. F. Nicolai. Translated by C. A. and J. Grande. Dent. 21s. net.

COVERING a wide field, richly documented, always interesting, and well translated with explanatory notes, this book suffers only from its length and the occasional admission of far-fetched argument.

Its main purpose, says Dr. Nicolai, "is to prove that there is a sound logical basis for the conception of humanity"; in other words, that "there is but one human genus, or human race, which can be proved to form one organism." The rejection of war from the internal functions of the organism is a natural consequence. This is pre-eminently a biological view, and, the author being a biologist—ex-professor of physiology at Berlin—it is his biological contribution that most demands discussion; his philosophical and historical arguments, weighty though they are, must here be passed by.

Though all human races now living are placed in a single genus, it is doubtful whether all are rightly regarded as a single species. Science, as it deciphers the palimpsest, drives human origins further and further back; and, just as the fossil *Pithecanthropus* from Java and *Eoanthropus*, from Piltown were, in the opinion of high authorities, independent off-shoots from the early ape-like stock, so also each of the other great races, both living and extinct, may have arisen with like independence from that same stock. This view is probably nearer the truth than any divergence of existing races from a single human stock, as typified by an Adam or a Noah; yet such an hypothesis alone could warrant the reference of all men to a single species. Whether the races be parallel or divergent growths, their distinctness is so pronounced that bloody racial conflicts persistently burst the bonds of society. These objections to the postulated unity of the human race are not even mentioned by Dr. Nicolai. He does, however, make a show of proof by adducing "the continuity of the germ-plasm," that undying substance which passes from generation to generation, like the stem of the vine in a Jesse window. This conception, valid though it be, proves either too much or too little. On the one hand, as the progeny of any one couple is linked up by this common germ-plasm, just so is man connected by it with all other multi-cellular animals. On the other hand, the germ-plasm, though continuous, does from time to time undergo some physico-chemical change, which is at once manifest in the bodies of the offspring and constitutes them a new mutation or new species according to the extent of the visible change. The differentiating characters of the human races are so permanent that they imply corresponding differences of germ-plasm. Dr. Nicolai, however, talks as though the germ-plasm were the same throughout all members of the family *Hominidae*, and yet different from that of the nearest anthropoid ape. This is an impossible position, which he does not strengthen by an attempt to identify the human germ-plasm with the Holy Spirit.

There is more in Dr. Nicolai's argument from the effect of sexual reproduction. The production of fertile offspring used to be taken as proof that the parents belonged to a single species; but this, even were it a criterion, would be no proof of identical germ-plasm. Against the assumption (is it really a fact?) that a permanently fertile strain results from all crossings of human races must be set the repugnance with which such intercourse is almost universally regarded, for a like instinct is so common among animals as to warrant the belief that sexual aversion is a sign of physical difference. These also are matters overlooked by Dr. Nicolai. He confines himself to the doubtful assertion that parthenogenetic reproduction tends to the multiplication of species, and to the better-founded statement that sexual reproduction tends to eliminate variants and to keep the species homogeneous. But, since he argues that by reason of intercrossing "each individual human being has in him a drop of blood of each human being who lived five hundred years ago," one is tempted to ask how it is that the human species still show such remarkable diversity.

Dr. Nicolai's goal is so desirable, his lines of approach so interesting and in general so well-laid, that it is regrettable to find him getting off the track just where it traverses a region that should be most familiar to him. We may remember that a famous heart-specialist, even a professor of physiology, cannot always keep up with the rapid advances in branches of

biology so diverse as palaeontology and genetics, especially when in solitary confinement. But Dr. Nicolai's case does not fall with his unsound inferences, for the biological argument is really one from analogy. The militarists—not in Germany alone—have appealed to the Struggle for Existence as warranting the perpetuation of warfare. They have regarded it as a method of progressive evolution. Dr. Nicolai has no difficulty in exposing this misinterpretation of Darwin, but he is less neat than Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, whose book, though, of course, unknown to him, should be familiar to English readers.

Let us pass then to a more constructive argument. Throughout the animal kingdom there is repeatedly seen an association of individuals to form a colony, and each such colony becomes more integrated until it too may pass for an individual. Then the process may be repeated, so that these individuals of the second order group themselves into colonies and then into individuals of a third order. A common bath-sponge exemplifies such a tertiary individual. Correlated with this process is a change in the primary and secondary individuals. They become specialised, some for collecting food, some for digesting it, others for defence against enemies, and others for reproducing the whole colony. Such an integrated colony as the Portuguese Man-o'-War jelly-fish is therefore an organism, and the secondary individuals that compose it are themselves the bodily organs. In this and many similar cases the physical connection between the components is retained, but a bee-hive or an ant-hill is no less an organism, because the individual insects are physically separated. The essence of an organism is that the loss of any one set of organs induces the decay or death of the whole. Indeed, the organ individuals need not be of the same species, for there are associations of two or even three quite different forms so intimately united as to lead an individual life, and perishing, if divided. Man is the animal that above all others forms associations. The family, the city or tribe, the state, the kingdom, the Union, the empire: these are successive stages of grouping, integration, and regrouping; and that each of these in turn is one body with its component members has been familiar knowledge since the days of Menenius Agrippa and the Apostle Paul. We at least need not be told that, when bakers or miners cease work, the whole body suffers. Dr. Nicolai says little of all this, and indeed regards the recent growth of nationalism as a step backward. From of old, it is true, there have been ideals of universal brotherhood and an occasional alliance or federation more embracing or more durable than usual. Kant in 1784 even suggested a League of Nations. But this presupposes nations. The awakening of national consciousness, or the integration of the territorial assemblage into a nation, is then the necessary stage on which the wider grouping of, say, the United States of Europe, will be erected. No doubt, when integration has been effected by force, as in the case of the Hapsburg monarchy, and not by mutual interest, a break-up must ensue and may appear retrogressive to some. But the tendency remains, and all will agree with Dr. Nicolai that the increase of intercommunication, the more intimate relations between different peoples, and the growing inter-dependence of States, are among those natural processes which inevitably lead to the organisation of the whole world, and make human brotherhood a concept not of mythology or zoology, not of sentiment or mysticism, but one of practical benefit and Real-politik. It is not the hypertrophy of armies, not the immensity of terror, not the stagnation of trenches and blockades that will end warfare. Wars will cease because the members of one body do not fight among themselves; the eye does not say to the hand, I have no need of thee. That day is still far off, and it will not be brought nearer by the majesty of a Treaty or the power of a League. What may hasten it will be our recognition of the way in which it will come—by the paths of loving-kindness and mutual aid. Let this then be the religion of States no less than of individuals: faith in the peaceful improvement of the world, a hope powerful enough to act as a spring of progress, the love that embraces in one family all the diverse races of mankind.

THE CRASH.

Russia's Ruin. By E. H. Wilcox. Chapman & Hall. 15s. net.

Under Cossack and Bolshevik. By Rhoda Power. Methuen. 7s. net.

THOSE who have not had the opportunity of visiting Russia and have met Russians out of their own country, find themselves very definitely in one of two minds about them; either strongly influenced by the undeniable charm of the Eastern Slav, his alertness and adaptability, his sympathetic attitude towards the weaknesses of human nature and appreciation of all intellectual development, or roused to indignation by his apparent futility, the fatal facility of seeing both sides of a question which makes action impossible and renders any decision taken almost certain to be reversed within a few minutes, his love of endless discussion on abstract subjects which present no interest to the average Englishman—in a word, the triumph of thought over deed. The Russian cannot make up his mind, because his mind is the thing that matters to him, and not the mere doing of the commonplace tasks necessary to the efficient prosecution of the work of the daily round. In a world of dreamers, where good things could be obtained without personal effort, in which beautiful theories and high ideals could assure comfort and leisure, the Russian would lead the way to an earthly Paradise, but in the present turmoil of push and press he must either be led, or go under. Would the course of events since 1914 have been altered, if the Germans employed in the various Ministries when war broke out had remained at their posts? In all probability it was too late to prevent the mechanism of administration from going to pieces under the heavy strain to which it was unexpectedly subjected, but the withdrawal of a large number of the trained officials must have contributed seriously to the general dislocation. Towards the end of the reign of Alexander II. the percentage of Germans in the Civil Service was 32 and in the various Ministries as follows:—Foreign Affairs, 57 per cent.; Home Affairs, 27 per cent.; Finance, 27 per cent.; Ways and Communications, 34 per cent.; Post and Telegraphs, 62 per cent.; War, 46 per cent.; Marine, 39 per cent.; High Military Command, 41 per cent. The complicated network of the Spy System, which caught Minister, merchant, soldier, workman, priest, and peasant within its toils, had undermined the confidence of all classes of the population in the Government and in each other. When after the first months of the Army's brilliant effort, achieved at great cost, the State machinery broke down completely, this lack of confidence sapped the energy of the whole nation with the exception of the Unions of Zemstvos and Towns. Their efforts to improve transport, organize the production of war material, make provision for the care of the wounded at the base and the refugees flying before the enemy were, however, powerless to stay the dry rot eating its way through every section of the community. In 1916 certain regiments had already refused to go forward and the shooting of deserters failed to restore discipline in the army. The Russian peasant contemplates death with a stoicism unnatural to other Western nationalities, the disgrace would not trouble him, for "God will understand" is his invariable comment, when threatened with punishment. An admirable soldier with great powers of endurance, when convinced of the righteousness of the cause and of the integrity of his leaders, it is difficult to persuade him to advance, when he begins to doubt the one or the other. The habit of obedience to force may be strong, but the habit of evasion is stronger.

'Russia's Ruin' is based on articles published in the *Fortnightly*, and though the author has not given a complete and connected account of the Revolution, his descriptions of the events or persons he considers responsible for the collapse of Russia are valuable contributions to the subject. In the opening chapter or "prelude," a short survey is given of the economic and social conditions which made far-reaching political changes necessary and inevitable. The gradual shrinking of the average peasant-holding and the system under which the land was distributed were answerable for

the discontent among the large body of men living on the land, while over-taxation and recurrent famines helped to intensify the intolerable conditions in which 150,000,000 of the population lived. Speaking of the necessary land reforms question the author points out that the "first two Dumas were assemblies of excited and impracticable visionaries, without political experience, and imbued with the idea that all the complex wrongs of the old Russia could be put right in a moment by clothing pious intentions in statutory forms. Left to themselves they would probably have reduced the Empire to chaos in six months." 'The Old Régime,' one of the main divisions of the book, contains a detailed account of the trial of the War Minister, General Soukhomlinov, whose lack of system and forethought were largely responsible for the breakdown of the army. On his death-bed (1911) the Prime Minister, Stolypin, handing over his reports to Count Kokovtsov, his successor, said, "The national defence is in the hands of an unworthy man. He is untrustworthy and cannot inspire necessary respect. The disorder in his department alarms me. He will bring us to ruin." The chapters dealing with Sturmer and his blackmailing secretary, Manasevich-Manouilov, the spy, Col. Miasoyedov, in command of the Gendarmérie at the important frontier station of Verzhbolovo where the main line from East Prussia crosses into Russian territory, Prince Andronnikov, one of the "dark forces," Prototopov, who was told by Count Bobrinsky in the Duma that "no man in Russia could in two months have brought upon himself such distrust and such hatred as are concentrated on the Minister of the Interior," show the power that had fallen into the hands of men that were unscrupulous and corrupt.

The second part of the book—'The New Régime'—deals with the Revolution itself, the descent from the high ideals of the Provisional Government to the violation of the Constitutional Assembly and the triumph of Bolshevism. Justice is done to Kerensky's attempt to revive the offensive spirit in the army and to preserve national unity, but after the failure of his great effort he "ceased to be a prophet and priest, and once more became a mere politician." The conflict between Kerensky and General Kornilov, the final turning point of the Revolution, is described at some length, and we have no hesitation in saying that in the circumstances Kornilov was right and Kerensky was wrong. No Commander-in-Chief could lead an army in which every regiment had its Committee interfering with the supreme authority, wasting valuable time in feverish discussion whether the attack against the enemy should be renewed, or whether the Germans were good fellows, who did not want to fight and therefore should be left alone. In the conflict Kerensky succeeded, but his success proved his ruin, for immediately the Bolsheviks realized their power, and in gaining control of the Petrograd Soviet became masters of the situation.

In 'Under Cossack and Bolshevik,' Miss Power has given us a series of vivid sketches of life in a town in South Russia during the early part of the Revolution. They are impressionistic and full of power, but they must not be accepted as descriptive of general conditions. We doubt whether any Russian would ever speak of the peasants as "real pigs." Was Miss Power governess in the family of a Jewish *nouveau riche*? Her pupil must have been an unpleasant companion and we cannot feel sorry for her employers when they are obliged to escape before the Bolshevik advance. They leave Miss Power behind in the luxuriously furnished villa, because, being an Englishwoman, she had nothing to fear!

CHURCH STUDIES FROM THE NUDE.

Bishop Croft's 'The Naked Truth.' Reprinted by Herbert Hensley Henson, Lord Bishop of Hereford. Chatto & Windus. 5s. net.

AT the Reformation there was a queer sect of "Adamites," who symbolized their return to the state of innocence by going about in a state of nudity. Clothes, we read in Holy Writ, were a consequence of the fall. The Bishop of Hereford, like fallen Adam,

wears an apron, but he too desires, like his predecessor Herbert Croft, to strip truth to the buff. Unfortunately he is accused of flaying her as well. How much of the Church system is vesture and how much is skin, muscle and flesh? Nay, is it not possible that he is subtracting something from the basal osseous structure? Controversialists who denounce their opponents for unwillingness to surrender indifferent forms which the opponents deny to be forms, or indifferent, are unlikely to make much way. As Sydney Smith said of two village wives in their cottage doors arguing heatedly across the road, "They will never arrive at a conclusion, since they are arguing from opposite premises."

Herbert Croft, a predecessor of Bishop Henson in the See of Hereford, was born in 1603, the year that Scotland annexed England, and died soon after the Revolution of 1688. When he was a boy of thirteen at Oxford, his father, Sir Herbert Croft, knight of the shire for Hereford, embraced the ascetic Benedictine rule and so the son passed to St. Omer's and the English College at Rome. Returning to England in early manhood, Croft was recovered to Anglicanism by Bishop Morton, was encouraged by Laud to enter the priesthood, and received rapid promotion from the favour of Charles I., who employed him, when war broke out, as a confidential agent, to the hazard, Anthony Wood remarks, of his life. He was within an ace of being shot in the pulpit of Hereford Cathedral, where he was Dean *de jure*, for preaching boldly against sacrilege. At the Restoration he was made Bishop of Hereford, being one of the two prelates that Charles II. declared he could not have a bad sermon from. As a diocesan, Sir Herbert (as he had now become), was unwearied in tightening discipline, in improving the qualifications and relieving the poverty of the clergy, and in pastoral oversight of his flock. He evidently had a good heart, but his present editor considers that his conscience was more considerable than his understanding, or his learning. "Loyal, affectionate and zealous, he was also dictatorial and prejudiced; his candour was matched by his obstinacy." Bishop Henson further observes, with surprising frankness, that Croft's contemptuous attitude towards opponents was not exactly conciliatory, and that this is a besetting fault of the Latitudinarian.

'The Naked Truth' repays study as a boldly latitudinarian document; but it cannot be very agreeable to the latter-day Modernist, for its irreducible standard of orthodoxy is the Apostle's Creed, the historic statements of which are the special stumbling-block of Liberalism. Again, Bishop Croft employs the highest sacerdotal language about the "Divine power of ordination" and the "Holy Order of priesthood," which is even more supernatural than the episcopate, and dwells again and again with terrific phraseology on the "high and holy power of the Keys," excommunication involving "sentence to everlasting flames," and absolution "sentence of eternal life." The laity (such as chancellors) commit sacrilege, when they meddle with spiritual matters. Croft pleads for comprehension of dissenters from the Church, or, if they will not be comprehended, for toleration. But the civil magistrate must not hold the sword in vain against subverters of the faith once committed to the saints, or suffer any new doctrine to be set on foot, as being of man. Passive obedience to authority is also inculcated. These and other positions of Bishop Croft can hardly be to the liking of his latest successor in the throne of Hereford, who speaks of Croft's mind as candid but embarrassed, honest but confused.

The stumbling-blocks which he desires to remove are threefold. First, defects in the Church, such as an uncatechized people and a pedantically learned clergy. Secondly, a refusal to recognize the presbyterian succession of Orders, which succession it is assumed, somewhat unhistorically, that the foreign reformed communions claim. Thirdly, unnecessary ceremonies. The "prime Primitive" Church had only "the simple naked truth without any surplice to cover it." Bowing to the altar, the sign of the Cross in Baptism, the marriage ring and kneeling at Communion, are the examples which the Bishop takes. He urges that both prelatist and puritan "acknowledg they are meer ceremonies indifferent." This, however, was certainly not acknowledged by either side as regards kneeling at Communion. And even indifferent ceremonies may assume importance as symbols of a general position. The Puritan objected even to the corner-cap and everyday outdoor priestly apparel as implying continuity with the pre-Reformation religion. The Prayer Book conformist, on the other hand, argues that there is a wider and vaster Christian re-union than the domestic one, and clings to the tokens of one-ness with the Church of all lands and ages. Moreover, lapse of time has obliterated the nonconformist horror of surplices, organs, wedding rings, and other relics of the Amorite. Nor would Croft for a moment tolerate "popish" ceremonies which he admits are primitive, and even scriptural, such as the use of chrism. No Amoritish relics of early education in him at any rate. Evidently a kind-hearted and good Bishop, yearning over strayed sheep, but a divine of intellectual limitations.

THE WOMAN WHO DID.

Gashka: My Life as Peasant, Exile and Soldier. By Maria Botchkareva. Set down by Isaac Don Levine. Constable. 8s. 6d. net.

WE do not wonder that this book has been a puzzle to many English reviewers, seeking in it for history, politics, and the like. Maria Botchkareva is a peasant woman of the poorest class, who looks on life from their point of view, with a strength of character more often found among Russian women than in their men-folk. She is a great Russian, settled in the East of Siberia as a peasant emigrant, and has had to earn her livelihood by manual toil as house servant, road-maker, and shop-keeper. Constituted authority revealed itself to her in a long series of oppressions, but through it all she retained her faith in God and in Russia. In November, 1914, she presented herself at Tomsk, after a two months' journey from Gakutsk, as a recruit; and, when she was rejected as a matter of course, sent a telegram to the Tsar for permission to serve, which was granted. Henceforward she served in a line regiment at the front, living with the men as so many brothers, and had won several medals, and the rank of sergeant-major, before the Revolution of 1917. Her story is the story of the common soldier—even including the treachery of the General who rode along the front line unharmed, waving his handkerchief when he halted at the weak places in the Russian defence. Then came the Revolution, and the cry of Peace or Victory, then the period of meetings and fraternisation with the Germans, the formation of regimental committees, and the abandonment of fighting for talk. Her good peasant soul was vexed, and she got leave to go to Petrograd to stir up the authorities. Here she formed the idea of enlisting a woman's "battalion of death," to shame the Russian soldiers into action. It was easy



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enough to get fifteen hundred women together, but Maria Botchkareva would not allow a regimental committee to be formed, even in face of Kerensky's repeated orders to her to create one. She got her way, but with numbers reduced to three hundred, and arrived at the front in time to witness the deliquescence of the army and the destruction of her battalion. She describes the murder of a popular colonel by his own men, trodden to death for want of the proper phrase to catch the attention of the crowd. She herself was lined up to be shot by a Bolshevik firing-party, and was only saved by a miracle, and finally escaped from Moscow in March, 1918, to Vladivostock and thence to America and England.

We are not usually inclined to look with favour on the co-operation of journalists with illiterate authors: the results are marked too often by the illiteracy of the authors and the "journalese" of the scribe. But this book is a notable exception. Gashka may be illiterate, but she has lived a life of action and has mixed on terms of equality—that equality which can exist only in Russia between great folk and lowly—with the foremost people in her country. The book bears the impress of her mind. She has come out of the depths as truly as Gorki, but with this difference, that her motive power was a love of Russia, while his is a hatred of society. Her story is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of Russia during the war.

THE BROOK.

The Old Madhouse. By William de Morgan. Heinemann. 7s. net.

IT must have happened but rarely that an experienced and insatiable devourer of novels should find himself making acquaintance with the work of a novelist of repute in a posthumous book. Yet, by pure accident, such is the case of the present reviewer, who knew William de Morgan slightly, liked him personally, and admired his creative power as a fictile artist. As a writer he will in future live in our memory as having written one of the half-dozen works of fiction which forced us to at least four determined efforts of the will to get through them, and when we had reached p. 555, where the author left his unfinished tale with one-third of it still to run, phrases from our schoolboy reading recurred to the mind. "Such a book might, before the deluge, have been considered as light reading by Hilpa and Shalum. . . . On every subject . . . he produced three times as many pages as another man; and one of his pages is as tedious as another man's three. His book is swelled to vast dimensions . . . by episodes which have nothing to do with the main action . . . and by reflections which, when they happen to be just, are so obvious that they must necessarily occur to the mind of every reader. . . . There is neither foreground nor background in his delineation," and so on. We make no apology for these reminiscences; they exactly apply to the novel before us. Mr. de Morgan is a literary artist, but his method reminds us of Gulliver's description of the maids of honour at Brobdingnag, where the pores of the skin and the blood vessels of the eye go to build up his impression of their beauty.

In an ordinary way we regard it as distinctly unfair to an author to reveal his plot, but in this case such a rule does not obtain. People who read Mr. De Morgan, being bound by the limitation set on human life, do not read him for his story, but for his method of telling it. Two friends, Fred and Charles, are engaged to two young ladies, Cinty and Lucy. Fred proposes that they should share a large house, and Fred's uncle and trustee, Dr. Carteret, goes to look at the house—and disappears. A hundred pages are taken to develop the relations between the young couples and the growing jealousy of Cinty, another 180 to bring about the separation of Fred and Cinty on account of his feeling for Lucy, and the growth of a suspicion in the mind of Fred's mother that her brother-in-law had been in love with her all his life and had concealed it from everyone. Another hundred brings about Fred's veiled confession to Lucy, and by p. 542, Fred has run away in a

hundred pages, and Charles has quarrelled with Lucy over a detected untruth, and Lucy has run away from him. On p. 542 Dr. Carteret's ghost, after two or three futile attempts, appears to Charles with a message to Fred that a man can hide his love from the wife of his friend, if he wishes to do so—rather late, since by this time Lucy has found out Fred and appealed for his protection. Mrs. De Morgan completes the story in ten pages, where on the scale of the book another two hundred might have been expected.

Mr. De Morgan has been compared to Dickens, and we quite see the analogy. But he is more lengthy and infinitely less amusing. He was a man of an observing temperament, and his minute touches are excellent, but he leaves nothing to the reader's imagination, he never raises him to the pitch of a partner in the creation of a character. Dr. Carteret's dead presence pervades the book; that is as it should be, but he wet-blankets it instead of lighting it up with recurrent flashes. Lucy's coquetry in her long progress from charmer to temptress becomes a bore, and even Elbows, Cinty's sister, and the favourite of the author, is badly managed.

PICTURESQUE.

The Red One. By Jack London. Mills & Boon. 6s.

ALL the four stories in this volume have the strong qualities—the rugged picturesqueness, swift movement, and racy dialogue—which made the late Jack London one of the most popular writers of his time. Few novelists have dipped their pens more vigorously in "the hues of earthquake and eclipse," or dealt more graphically with primitive life in remote corners of the earth. His fine descriptive powers are admirably illustrated in 'The Red One,' in which an adventurous scientist falls into the hands of a peculiarly unsavoury tribe of cannibals, and in 'Like Argus of the Ancient Times,' in which an old man of seventy, regarded by all his sons and daughters as "cracked," endures the hardships of a journey to Klondyke and returns with a large fortune. These two stories also illustrate Mr. London's defects; one is wilfully gruesome, and the other wantonly improbable. In 'The Hussy,' in which an engine-driver goes in search of gold in the company of an Indian girl, and in 'The Princess,' in which three horrible degraded tramps relate the amorous adventures of their youthful days, the lack of probability does not matter; they avowedly belong to the order of "tall stories," and nobody who is wise enough to enjoy their humour will be foolish enough to regret their unreality. But 'Like Argus of the Ancient Times,' with its singularly attractive sketch of Old Tarwater, is seriously marred by its needless want of likelihood. Mr. London's fondness for verb-making remained with him to the last. "Glimpsed," "spiralled," and "birthed," are among the base coins which he here flings into the well of English. They give a sham conciseness to a style that was quite brisk enough without them.

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A MODERN GIRL.

The Revolt of Youth. By Mrs. Coralie Hobson. Werner Laurie. 6s.

FICTION repeats itself more persistently than history. Here, once again, the sordid aspects of theatrical life in a third-rate touring company are presented; but the oft-told tale—the petty jealousies, the absurd artificiality, the wearisome jargon, the squalid lodgings, the vulgar intrigues—is told with an unusual touch of intimacy and power. The heroine, in whom the sexual instinct is highly developed, is something of a rebel all her life. "What is all this rot about damnation?" she asks her mother when she reaches the discreet age of fifteen, and the wonder is that, playing incessantly with her emotions, she contrives in later years to escape the fitting answer to her question. Perhaps she does not. At the close of these "murky recollections," as she not unjustly calls them, she records her marriage to a country doctor, but there is a premarital scene—not inappropriately depicted on the highly-coloured cover of the book—which is hardly suggestive of domestic happiness. It would deserve to be called daring, if many other feminine pens had not made it almost conventional. Mrs. Coralie Hobson, whose first novel this is, has a keen sense of character, and writes with ease. She may do more justice to her powers if she remembers that the unpleasant things of life are only a part of it. They who revolt may themselves be revolting.

FICTION IN BRIEF

'COCKTAILS,' by Lieut. C. Patrick Thompson (Collins, 7s. 6d. net), is a collection of excellent flying stories reprinted from *Flying*, the aeronautical journal. They range from tragedy to pure light comedy and show that the author has a considerable power over the resources of his art. The most striking of them are two tales of the fascination of the upper air and the hallucinations that it sets up in the imagination of a sensitive youth, though the author's touch in his gayer moments will probably find more admirers. We predict a great success for these stories.

'FIRECRACKER JANE,' by Alice Calhoun Haines (Hurst and Blackett, 6s. 9d. net.), is an American story of the Mexican border, wherein the heroine, whose explosive qualities have earned her sobriquet, runs away from her father to marry a Mexican patriot cousin. Her subsequent adventures include the murder of her husband, her capture by brigands, her escape, and rescue by

the Major Dobbin of the story, an aviator in the United States Army. The romance breaks new ground for English readers, and should leave them breathless but interested.

'THE COUNTESS OF ZELLE,' by Morice Gerard (Oldham, 6s. net.) is a romance by a writer of experience, who has not taken the trouble to put enough work into the details or the writing. A lieutenant of Marlborough, sent on urgent secret service, turns aside from his duty to rescue a lady in danger, and, having rescued her, returns to his duty. He achieves his mission and no one seems to take any notice of his dereliction. The story introduces us to Louvois (who succeeds Colbert), Louis Quatorze, Mme. de Maintenon and Turenne.

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The FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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The League and the Peace. By William Harbutt Dawson.
The Position of Roumania. By H. Charles Woods.
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Shakespeare's Introduction into France. By Félicien Pascal.
(Translated by E. Andrews).
Nationalisation in Australia. By Sir Charles G. Wade, K.C.
Military Theatres. By Basil Dean.
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Back to Life in Belgium. By Charles Dawbarn.
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War and the French Socialists. By Prof. Augustin Hamon.
United Ireland—A Plea for Partition. By John McGrath.
Correspondence. On "Cutting Shakespeare." By William Poel.

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Paid-up Capital	8,289,072
Reserve Fund	8,289,072
Deposits	371,054,600
Cash on Hand and Balance at Bank of England	79,426,772
Money at Call and at Short Notice	76,068,108
Investments and Bills of Exchange	96,304,613
Advances	116,874,426
Advances on War Loans	12,249,162

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MOTOR NOTES

The motor-scooter has already achieved a success that is rather remarkable. Probably few readers of this journal have any great desire to scoot, and the writer shares their lack of enthusiasm. But he is far from pouring cold water on this new entrant to the realms of motoring, for it is at once apparent that there are possibilities in it. Provided that its limitations in power, speed, and range of action are duly recognised, the motor scooter may serve quite a useful purpose as a runabout mount. We rather regret that a machine of this type participated in the recent London-Edinburgh motorcycle trial and gallantly struggled to beyond Doncaster. While this was a most creditable performance for the scooter concerned, it was liable to create a false impression among prospective purchasers. The scooter must be regarded as a short distance runabout pure and simple.

The motor scooter consists, mainly, of a small platform propelled by a diminutive petrol engine. It has, of course, two wheels placed bicycle fashion, and in most examples the driving power is applied to the front wheel, the steering is on the handle-bar principle. To stand or not to stand is still a contentious point among scooter enthusiasts. It has to be admitted that if a seat is provided, one is practically turning the vehicle into a motorcycle. But people who have already scooted extensively, tell us that standing is decidedly uncomfortable after a short distance has been covered, and we can well believe them. Some designs we have already seen are quite uncompromising on this point, and no seat is fitted. We are certainly surprised that at least one scooter relies on coil and battery ignition. A small magneto, it occurs to us, would have been a much better proposition. Simplicity and lightness are two essentials of a runabout of this description. If the scooter is to become popular, it must certainly be sold at a low price, as few purchasers would care to pay a sum that would purchase a lightweight motor

cycle of much greater capabilities. We observe that the Auto-Cycle Union has issued a provisional definition of what a motor scooter should be. This restricts the cylinder capacity to 200 c.c., prohibits pedals for propulsion, and limits the weight not including fuel, oil or water, to 60 lbs. Within this definition there should be no technical difficulty in producing a scooter that would give reliable service within its recognised capacity at an unusually small running cost. Both to the car owner and the prospective motorist there is certainly a fascination in the idea of carrying one's motor from the house to the road and starting with a push to the golf links or tennis courts. We think, also, that a good many ladies will look with favour upon the motor scooter for shopping, visiting, and short jaunts.

Our attention has recently been drawn to several cases in which prospective purchasers have placed orders for cars at an approximate price for future delivery, only to be quoted by the seller at a price very much in excess of the original estimate when the vehicle is ready. The buyer is then faced with two alternatives. He has either to take delivery at the increased price, or to rescind the deal and receive back his deposit. The trader in the latter event has had the use of the deposit, in some cases a very substantial amount, and has not paid interest on it when it is returned. To meet this, one might suggest that intending purchasers should make it a condition in placing such orders, that if the price at the date of delivery exceeds a certain figure, the deposit shall be returned, together with interest at a specified rate for the time in which the trader has had the use of the money. Certainly, many motor agents appear just now to be taking orders which they know it is practically impossible for them to execute for a considerable time, and by obtaining deposits they get capital for their business at the expense of the public. It might be well in all such cases that provision should be made for cancellation of the order, together with payment of interest, if the car is not delivered by a specified date.

Ready for the Road

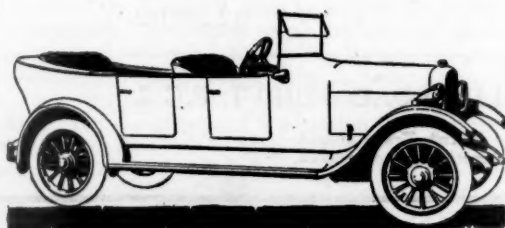
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THE CITY

During the War allusions were frequently made to the return of peace when conditions would "become more normal," the implication being that there would be a movement toward pre-war prices. So far, most price alterations have continued in the other direction. Where they were abnormally high, they have gone higher. Silver stands at more than 5s. an ounce, the highest rate for fifty years, comparing with 2s. before the war; the American dollar has risen to 4s. 10d. instead of 4s. 2d.; francs are 34 and lire are 40 to the £, instead of 25; and the national and international financial problems of peace are more perplexing than those of war. In one important respect, however, things are "more normal"; the principal restrictions on business have been removed; the purely artificial and automatic conditions have been swept away, and it is because business is becoming more normal that prices have become more abnormal. Under restrictions the exchange quotations were fictitious; now that they are more real, they reflect more accurately the true conditions of international trade; and although the truth may be inconvenient, it is better to be getting down to a basis of fact and sense than to be living in a fool's paradise.

Everybody who is interested in the Government's scheme for assisting the financing of exports from the United Kingdom to disorganised European countries is wondering how it will work. If the matter were capable of easy solution, there would have been no need for the Government to intervene; the banks could have done all that was necessary; but it is because of the complications that the scheme—obviously experimental—has been arranged. The "disorganised" countries are suffering from an enormously depreciated currency, and before they can export goods and improve their currency they must import. It is desirable that Great Britain should share in this trade, but our exporters could not be expected to take bills payable at a later date in a currency which is likely to become further depreciated before it improves, nor could any bank be expected to guarantee such business. The Government proposes to guarantee trading transactions up to a maximum of 80 per cent. of the prime cost to an aggregate amount of £26,000,000. If the proceeds of the bill fall short of the prime cost of the goods, the Government will assume four-fifths of the loss and the drawee of the bill one-fourth. The necessary office for this purpose will be set up by the Board of Trade. The minor details are not yet clear. Presumably the trader will present his transaction to his bankers, who, if they approve, will recommend its acceptance by the Government. A further announcement on the subject must be made.

The removal of the restrictions on export of capital and import of securities has necessitated a severe marking down of London quotations of Foreign Government bonds, which were quoted much lower in Amsterdam and Paris. Naturally foreign holders tried to take advantage of the higher prices; but dealers on this side were not at all inclined to take the stock. The market is now showing a little more resistance, because yields of over 6 per cent. can be obtained with good security. First-class English railway preference stocks also give yields of over 6 per cent. at present quotations. They have been depressed by fears of nationalisation, but in the event of State purchase of the railways, it is inconceivable that the prior charges and preference stocks would be bought out at less than current quotations.

A few months ago attention was drawn in this column to Johannesburg Consolidated Investment shares, then standing at about 25s. It was pointed out that the value of the company's assets was not adequately represented in that price. There has now been a sub-

stantial rise, and it is expected that some form of bonus may be announced, probably next month. An outstanding feature of the mining markets in recent weeks has been a sustained advance in Burma Corporations. The company has a large silver, lead, zinc and copper property in North Burma, and, although dividends are not yet in sight, the ore reserves are considered to justify a quotation of nearly £10 for the £1 shares. It is understood that the directors have determined to transfer the whole undertaking to an Indian company with capital in rupees. One result of this decision would be to free the company from direct British taxation on its profits and at the same time provide Indian capitalists with an opportunity to invest—or speculate—in the company's prospects.

It is highly probable that other companies owning properties abroad will remove their headquarters to the scene of their actual operations in order to escape taxation. More than once the subject has been discussed informally in respect to the leading Argentine railways. It is said that Argentine investors are eager to become interested financially in the railways of the republic; but they will not do so while their profits and dividends are liable to deduction of 30 per cent. by the British inland revenue authorities.

An insistent demand for Trinidad Central shares has been a prominent feature of the oil market. This company is an amalgamation of four concerns holding extensive properties distributed over the Island of Trinidad. Operations have been mainly confined to one relatively small area, where oil of an exceptionally high quality is being obtained. The board is reticent concerning the progress of developments, and in the absence of official news various rumours of new wells and increasing production are in circulation. Judging from the character of the buying, the rumours are well founded, and it is time that some announcement was made. The £1 shares, which are not yet in sight of dividends, have reached £4, and they are "talked" higher, although the price seems to discount the early future pretty substantially. The company is well managed and has some good properties; but speculators in these days seem to take extraordinarily long views.

A check has been put upon the Manchester zeal for textile shares, which has been accompanied by various rumours of purchases for control. The board of the Fine Cotton Spinners' and Doublers' Association state that no offers have been received for the purchase of that concern, nor are they desirous of receiving any. This denial is accepted as representing the facts. It was recently stated that the negotiations between Courtaulds and Listers regarding the German process acquired by the latter company had been broken off, and Listers' shares promptly declined; but apparently the negotiations were very soon resumed, and the recovery in Listers has been as rapid as the fall.

Again there are expectations of active intervention by the United Government in Mexico. The sooner it happens, the better for investors interested in that country. In some quarters it is feared that American troops would be involved in prolonged guerilla warfare; but this view under-estimates the efficiency of the aeroplane. It looks as if there would be no stability in Mexico until some drastic action has been taken. The oil industry has progressed remarkably during years of turmoil, but that is because a few wells have been unusually prolific and the oilfields are situated on the Gulf, fairly remote from scenes of disorder. The mining industries have suffered considerably and railway, tramway and public utility undertakings have been confiscated and despoiled.



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